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THE ADVENTURES

OF

A MAN OF FAMILY.

BY

LORD WILLIAM PITT LENNOX,

AUTHOR OF

"FIFTY YEARS' BIOGRAPHICAL REMINISCENCES."

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"Ficta voluptatis causâ sint proxima veris."

HORACE.

"Fictions to please should wear the face of truth."

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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THE ADVENTURES

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A MAN OF FAMILY.

VOL. I.

THE ADVENTURES

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A MAN OF FAMILY.

CHAPTER I.

"A child is man in a small letter, yet the best copy of Adam, before he tasted of Eve or the apple."

BISHOP EARLE.

"The hour arrives, the moment wish'd and fear'd—
The child is born." ROGERS.

IN referring to Lodge's Peerage and Baronetage, the following record appears:—

"2nd George, born January 1, 1800."

Previous to the above will be found the genealogical history of the Carlton family, from the period of the Norman Conquest to the latest day, describing how the first Baronet received his honours

from the hands of James I. for services to the State during the Ulster rebellion; and bringing down the family record to the father of the above-mentioned George as Sir Edward Carlton, eighth baronet, who, in 1798, married Elizabeth, daughter and co-heiress of Marmaduke Wentworth, Esq., of Dell Park, county of Sussex, and had issue, Edward Wentworth, born February 13, 1799, and the worthy already alluded to, who is the hero of this autobiography.

I have given this pedigree because I am aware that there is often too much weight attached to ancient lineage, and without it many readers would be likely to throw aside the book, exclaiming, "That fellow had no grandfather!"

As far as my own feeling is concerned, I own I look with the greatest respect upon those who have been the architects of their own fortune. Not to be invidious, I will quote a few great men who have risen from small beginnings. Mahomet, called the Prophet, was a driver of asses; Confucius was a carpenter; Mehemet was a barber;

the late Emperor of Morocco, a pawnbroker; Bernadotte, the King of Sweden, a sergeant in the garrison of Martinique when the English took that island; Madame Bernadotte was a Parisian blanchisseuse; Napoleon I., a descendant of an obscure family in Corsica, was a major when he married Josephine, the daughter of a tobacconist Creole of one of the West Indian islands; Franklin was a printer; President Boyer, a mulatto barber; John Tyler, a captain of militia; Oliver Cromwell was originally a draper; "Polk, the Locofoco King" of the American States, was formerly an innkeeper; the stepfather of Isabella, Queen of Spain, husband of Christina, and brother-in-law of the King of Naples, was a bar-keeper of a coffee-room; General Espartero, a vestry clerk; King Christopher of Hayti, a slave of St. Kitts; the reigning president of that state was also a negro slave; Bolivar was a druggist; General Paoz, a cowkeeper; Vasco de Gama, a sailor, as was Columbus; Astor, the millionaire of the New World, before he became the proprietor of Astor

House, was a humble tradesman in New York; Catherine, the Empress of Russia, was a camp grisette, and Cincinnatus was ploughing his vineyards when the Dictatorship of Rome was offered to him.

To the above examples of self-made men I could add hundreds who have ennobled themselves by their deeds, and many of our greatest and most respected lawyers, clergy, military and naval men, senators, bankers and merchants, are unable to turn to the pages of the "Human Studbook," Lodge's Peerage, for their genealogy.

The rapidity which has characterized me through life was developed even before I saw the light, for so great a hurry was I in to enter the world that I was a seven months' child; for screaming, crying, and biting, for scratching, and pulling the ringlets of the nursery maid, I was second to no one, and nothing but the tender devotion of an affectionate mother saved me from many a shaking from those to whom I was an incorrigible torment, and a constant object of terror.

The day arrived when I was to form one of the Protestant flock, and the bishop of the diocese was invited to perform the religious rite; the whole household was dressed in smiles, and everything connected with the interesting ceremony carried out in the most liberal manner, in honour of the "little stranger:" my parents were in a state of ecstasy, my godfathers and godmother were profuse in their liberality, the men-servants looked as if they had made free with the cellar, the maids as if they were considerably elevated with caudle, the nurse was as pompous as if the eyes of Europe were upon her, and I heir to all the thrones of this portion of the globe.

When the party arrived, previous to the christening about to take place, I was paraded before the assembled guests, decked out in the longest of robes, the whitest of cambric, the most expensive of lace, the smallest of caps, and the largest quantity of ribands; a silver cup, a gold-mounted coral and bells, and an enamelled locket with a scrap of baby's auburn hair, intwined with mamma's brown

locks and papa's dark curls, were ostentatiously displayed on an old-fashioned tea tray; and then began the adulatory congratulations.

"Mother's mouth, and mother's nose,
Father's eyes, as black as sloes."

"What an intellectual brow!"

"What an expression!"

"What a sweet creature!"

"It's a charming baby!"

"It has its mother's pretty dimple."

"It is the very picture of papa."

Such were the various observations made about my personal appearance, while a severe imaginative critic asserted that the little beauty would be musical, as he smiled as soon as she hummed a tune.

All were full of praises—in short, I was pronounced to have every beauty and every virtue under the sun.

Nor were these compliments empty ones, as my nurse could prove, when in describing the cere-

mony she remarked—"Such a splendid sight! and only to think Master George never cried, and I pocketed ten pounds!"

How I ever got over the ills that infantine flesh "is heir to," I know not; ills not alone attributable to an over fond killing-by-kindness attachment, but to certain old-fashioned nursery prejudices which in those days added fearfully to the mortality (I call it by no stronger name) of the innocents.

Among them may be mentioned a bed-room, hot and stuffy as the Black Hole in Calcutta; with cramming and stuffing, as if the infant was a Norfolk turkey preparing for a Christmas poultry show. To accomplish this, silver boats full of scalding, clammy, sweet pap were poured down my tiny throat. Then the remedies, Heaven save the mark! against the thrush, croup, fits, convulsions, painful dentition, and crying, which universal panacea consisted of Daffy's Elixir, Dalby's Carminative, "a real blessing to mothers," Godfreys Cordial, and other stomachic tinctures. And last not least, the baneful system of dosing children with

poison, to lull them to sleep, in the form of laudanum, diacodium, saffron, or, what answers the same purpose, spirituous liquors.

Thanks to a good constitution, I escaped the evil effects of codling, stuffing, and dram-drinking, cut my eye-teeth, and got over the small-pox, measles, and hooping-cough.

It must be quite clear to every reader that precocious as I was, I cannot be expected to speak from memory of my infantine and childhood days; the facts that have been and are about to be recorded being derived from other sources—my worthy old nurse, Mrs. Chaplin, and Anne Simpson her attendant.

Before I was one year old my father and mother took a summer's excursion in their cutter-yacht the *Loadstar*, and, as a matter of course, the darling "babwab," as Mrs. Chaplin called me, accompanied them. Under no circumstances ought ladies to live on board a small vessel, and the one I refer to was under fifty tons; but when to the usual drawbacks the *Loadstar* was converted into a floating nursery,

the usual evils were increased a hundred-fold. In fact, I am almost inclined to agree with the cynic, who said, "yachting, when there is no wind, is tedious—when there is wind, painful."

The howling of the blast was a trifle compared to my squalling, and nothing would satisfy me but sitting on the sailors' knees in the forecastle, and enjoying the fumes of their most potent tobacco.

One day, when landing at Broadstairs in the gig, I was almost sacrificed by my impetuosity, for I sprang out of the girl's arms, and was nearly overboard, when the brawny hand of the captain saved me—fortunately for myself, and I trust for the edification of the reader, from an early grave.

Before I reached my second birthday my powers of intellect began to dawn, and nothing would content me but a new book once or twice a week. "Jack and the Bean Stalk," "Cinderella," "Mother Goose," "Little Bo-peep," had no charms for me, I aspired to more spirit-stirring adventures—dogs, horses, and wild beasts were my passion.

"Anne, Anne," I would exclaim, "gran gran,"

as I always called my nurse, "wof-ef"—meaning wolf, elephant; then when these kind hearted creatures responded to my appeal, and told me how the "naughty wolf" ate up "old granny," a tear would fall from my eyes. My grief would soon be changed to laughter, when I heard how the "naughty boy" who pricked the elephant's trunk with a pin was paid off for his cruel mischief, by being nearly drowned in a torrent of water which the capacious mouth of the animal had kept in reserve for his tormentor.

To say that pictures of horses and dogs delighted me, is to say very little—I thought of them morning, noon, and night; when cross or fretful, the war-horse, pony, or hunter would at once restore me to good humour, and often did a promise of a ride on a donkey or in a goat carriage act as an opiate, and send me off fast to sleep, to dream perchance of that sport to which in after life I was so devoted.

At three years old I was presented with a splendid wooden rocking-horse, a bright chestnut with

white legs, and the miles I rode, or fancied I rode Jocko (so I called him) would sound fabulous; but it was not until I had passed some eight summers that my cup of joy was full.

Early on my natal day I was conducted by my father into the stable, and there I saw for the first time a perfect specimen of a Shetland pony, with clothing, saddle and bridle complete.

Pen cannot describe the rapture I felt, when I was told that the long wished for treasure was mine; words could not express my gratitude, and as I flung myself into my parent's arms, a flood of tears shewed the depth of my feeling.

"You must see that he is properly fed and looked after" said my mother who had followed us to the stable; "and here's the whip I promised you, my dear boy, some days ago."

"Thank you, thank you!" I responded, my little heart throbbing with happiness.

"And what shall I call him?" I continued, "do name him, dear mother."

"Your father can tell you better than I can,"

she replied "for in early life he was devoted to riding, and has written many books upon the subject of horsemanship, which, when you grow to be a big boy, you shall read."

After a variety of suggestions, I remembered a story which had interested me deeply, that of Johnny Gilpin, and I named my pony after the far-famed equestrian London citizen.

Upon the following week the fox-hounds were to meet within a few miles of our house, and I obtained permission to go out with them, accompanied by young Jem Grantham, the coachman's son; who however received strict injunctions to keep with me all day. How that command was obeyed the reader will soon learn.

The hounds met at ten o'clock at Staunton wood, where they soon found a fine old fox. At first he tried his well-known haunts, but finding all subterfuge vain, he gallantly faced the open, with the whole pack close to his brush, making, as it seemed, for Whimblemere gorse; but, changing his direction, he flew down to Wrangborough at a

tremendous pace. Few out of a large field were now on any terms with the fleet pack, which might have been covered with a sheet.

Jack Dutton, the huntsman, on his favourite mare Wowsky; Squire Greaves; Colonel Sitwell, of a crack light cavalry regiment; two farmers; and a youth, whose performance on that occasion causes me to blush when recounting it, were the happy few who could be fairly said to have witnessed the exertions of each hound.

Through Bramley Plantations the chase continued to West Hill. Here they viewed the fox only thirty yards before the leading hound Rhapsody, whose speed might have stopped his career, had not as evere bite during the previous season rendered her rather cautious. Exford Park then witnessed the continued race; but here a sad spectacle presented itself of tired horses and breathing of veins.

The above Nimrods, with the exception of one whose absence I will presently account for, were alone able to follow the pack close by the hall at

Exford, half a mile beyond which a fresh fox saved the life of the one we had hunted.

This splendid run of one hour and five minutes, from finding to whipping off the hounds, furnished sixty minutes of the severest racing, without a pull, that was ever known.

And where was the hero of this adventure, and his careful guide, Jem Grantham? In taking a quickset hedge with a ditch on both sides, John Gilpin's hind legs became entangled, and he fell, causing a severe contusion of my right arm and head. A farm labourer conveyed me in a senseless state to a neighbouring cottage, whence I was shortly afterwards removed home.

Jem Grantham's horse having failed him early in the run, and he being afraid to return home without his precious charge, followed at a slow pace the line the fox was likely to take, and met me as I was being conveyed to the Priory, so our house was called, from its site having in by-gone days been occupied by a religious order.

"Why, what has happened, Master George?" inquired the terrified youth.

"Only a slight fall," I answered; "it stunned me a little, but now I am all right again; you were not to blame, for no one could expect old Milkman to keep up with my pony."

I pass over the consternation that rose at home when my accident became known; happily, thanks to a good constitution, I was shortly restored to health.

CHAPTER II.

"Ah, fields beloved in vain!
Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
A stranger yet to pain." GRAY.

UPON attaining my ninth year, I was sent to a small school on Wimbledon Common, to be prepared for a larger one at Westminster. Although my old nurse had pronounced me to be the most "fractionist" child she had ever met with—although Anne had declared she must give up her situation, as she had not a gown or a cap that was not torn to pieces by my mischievous hands—although the patriarchal butler shook his head, and augured most unfavourably as to my future prospects—although John the footman congratulated himself upon the prospect of a quiet life—although the

housekeeper grumbled at the quantity of black currant jelly and strawberry jam that was purloined from her corner cupboard—although the man cook consoled himself that there would be no more messes required for the young gentleman, and the coachman and groom said that there was some chance of the horses getting a rest, there was not one of the above highly respected individuals who did not deeply regret my departure when it actually took place. As for Mrs. Chaplin and Anne, they were both inconsolable, or, to adopt their own phraseology, "they felt as if their hearts were in their mouths," an anatomical transformation that, if shown, would make the fortune of the proprietor.

Prospect House, Wimbledon, was a seminary conducted by two maiden ladies—Miss Waddilove, and her younger sister, Laura Florence. The elder spinster, Bridget, was the very personification of demureness; she was stiff and formal in her gait, austere and unbending in her manner, and was always denouncing the existing generation as

inferior to the last not only in deportment, but in moral and intellectual qualities.

To quote Miss Laura's opinion of herself, "at an early age, the germ was discernible from which the future poetess was to spring, as clearly as the acorn, which, when just perceptible to the eye, gives promise of the spreading oak." In due course of time she grew up to be a "blue." Her first poem was written and published, and her friends declared "Elfin Lyrics" to be equal to Lalla Rookh. The authoress was pronounced to possess a "playful fancy," a "lively imagination, and a brilliant intellect;" but unfortunately the work did not sell, and the "inspired creature," who had "been nurtured in the lap of luxury" (again we quote her words), found herself, at the age of twenty-seven, a penniless orphan.

Miss Waddilove, who through life had been a careful saving body, had accumulated a few hundred pounds, and moreover inherited the estate at Wimbledon from her father, who, being a matter-of-fact sort of a man, considered his youngest

daughter to be full of romantic nonsense. The worthy *ex*-tanner had accumulated a tolerable fortune in Bermondsey, and, upon retiring from business, established himself in the country, in an old-fashioned red brick house, to which he appended a few acres of land. The Park (as he ostentatiously called it) soon gained the *sobriquet* of *Hide* Park, from the owner's former avocations, and within its precincts Mr. Waddilove drank his beeswing port, and mourned over the loss of Mrs. W., who died after giving birth to the modern Sappho.

There, too, the young ladies indulged their favourite propensities, the one in what is termed skinning flints, a process very prevalent with females of limited minds and means; the other in "climbing the rugged path that leads to Parnassus."

Of Mrs. Waddilove I know little; she had formerly been a governess in a noble family, that had retired to Italy, on the plea of getting good masters for the youthful progeny of their dilapidated patrician house, but in reality to economize. Here

Miss Cavertown imbibed a love for the fine arts, which she bequeathed—rather a sorry dowry—to her youngest child, named by her express desire Laura after the loved one of the poet and philosopher Petrarch, and Florence after the fair Tuscan city.

Speculations to a considerable extent had greatly involved Mr. Waddilove, who was in consequence compelled to reduce his establishment; it was then that his eldest daughter won the old man's heart by the strict economy, amounting to meanness, which she carried on. Poor Laura soon began to feel the truth of the line, "None but an author knows an author's care." The bill for printing and publishing her poem swallowed up all her savings; the editors of magazines declined, with courteous regrets, the "talented effusions of her muse;" nor was even a small space allotted to her in the county paper for her ode, "The Beauties of Nature," in which

> "Beauty of celestial frame,
> Smiling still, and still the same,
> Ever fresh and blooming found,
> Decks the wide creation round."

We have not space for the inspired muse's effusion. Suffice it to say, that Beauty was to be "viewed in the spangled sky," "in the piercing eye," "in rosy garments dress'd," "beautifying the East."

> "By flowery meads and silver streams
> Where she ever smiling seems,
> When the winds are lull'd asleep,
> View her in the azure deep."

In short, in "summer's day," "fann'd by zephyrs," or in "groves" with "warbling songsters," or by night "silvered o'er with Cynthia's rays," she

> "Charms below, around, above,
> Raising our wonder, and our love."

The result can easily be guessed; the Misses Waddilove sold off a great portion of the plate and furniture that had been bequeathed to them, purchased cheaper articles, and opened a seminary.

Despite ill-natured witticisms, the Park deserved its name far more than half the Mounts, Manor Houses, Places, Lodges, Castles, Banks, Hills, Abbeys, in England; for the house was a good old-

fashioned building of the Elizabethan style, situated on what at one period had been a wild, uncultivated, uninclosed common. An avenue of stately elms led to the mansion, and the park being surrounded by a *ha-ha*, gave to those who looked at it from within, the idea of a large extent of land. As the pride of the owners predominated over their interest, no painted board announced it to be a "seminary for young gentlemen from the age of six to twelve," and a simple zinc plate alone proclaimed the names of the Misses Waddilove. A few circulars, however, gave the following information:—

"THE PARK—WIMBLEDON—SEMINARY.

"Proprietress—Miss Waddilove.

"Assisted by Miss Laura Florence Waddilove.

"Young gentlemen are liberally boarded, and educated in the Latin, French, German, Italian, and English languages. Writing, arithmetic, drawing, mathematics, history, geography.

"*Twenty-four pounds per annum.*

"No extras—books included in the above terms.

"A quarter's notice required previous to the removal of a pupil."

The sisters did not quite act up to their advertisement, for they somehow or other added extras, and they quite forgot to mention that each youth had to provide himself with towels, sheets, a silver spoon and fork, sundry books, letter paper, and other items, which remained as "heir-looms" in the Waddilove family. However, in this instance they only followed suit to other proprietors of establishments for young ladies and gentlemen.

CHAPTER III.

"Youth is full of sport,"—SHAKESPEARE.

THE moment of separation arrived; my father grasped me warmly by the hand, my mother clasped me in her arms, and wept without restraint.

"The carriage is at the door," said the footman.

"God bless you, my dear boy!" exclaimed my devoted parent, as she added with a winning smile, "Every care shall be taken of Johnny Gilpin in your absence; do not omit to write—you must not be late. Bless you, bless you!"

The pony phaeton was in readiness at the stable-yard, and as I could not leave the Manor House without wishing all the servants good-bye, I rushed into the housekeeper's room, the pantry, and hall, and, sobbing aloud, took an affectionate but hasty leave of the friends of my early days.

Nothing of importance occurred during my journey. My old nurse did her best to cheer me, by saying the holidays would soon come round; and opening a basket filled with those school-boys' delights, sandwiches, cakes, fruit, and sweetmeats, I enjoyed an excellent meal; for what child's appetite is long impaired?

Shortly after dusk we reached London, and having transported ourselves into a chaise which was in waiting for us, we were at Wimbledon about seven o'clock. Upon ringing the bell, a very diminutive page decked out in a suit of French grey, elaborately ornamented with silver buttons, opened the door, and descending from the carriage, we were ushered into a small drawing-room, the sanctum of the two ladies who presided over the scholastic department of the "Park."

"You are welcome, Master Carlton," exclaimed the eldest, in a voice that almost froze my young blood. "And you, too, Mrs. Chaplin; pray be seated."

I clung to the old nurse's knees, and by an

almost supernatural struggle checked my rising sobs.

"Perhaps you would like some refreshment after your journey?" she continued.

Before an answer could be given, the door opened, and Stephen (so buttons was called) entered with a tray, upon which appeared a bottle of home-made cowslip wine, a few pieces of cake the size of large dominoes, and two glasses—more adapted for liqueurs than wine.

"It will not hurt you, my dear," said Miss Laura as I looked with astonishment at the small measure. She proceeded: "I remember when my poor mother was at Santa Croce, in Piedmont, where we stopped for refreshment, that the landlady brought us a delicious glass of wine." A slight guttural noise, and a most forbidding look from Miss Waddilove, had the desired effect of putting an end to the foreign rhapsodies of her younger sister, which she knew by experience would lead to the recital of some lines on the river "Doria." "Poetical rubbish," as, following in the steps of her departed father, she declared them to be.

The time had now arrived for my nurse's departure, and in order to prevent what Miss Waddilove called a scene, supper was announced. At the same moment Stephen informed us that the chaise was ready to take the kind-hearted old creature back to London, where she was to remain for the night with some friends.

"I will tell my lady that I left you quite well and happy," said Mrs. Chaplin as she rose to take leave. A flood of tears belied the latter part of her remark.

"Good-bye, good-bye, granny," I blubbered out, when the thin shrivelled mummy-like hand of the head of the establishment patted me on the shoulder, and led me into the dining-room. Here I found about five and twenty urchins, seated at two tables which extended the whole length of the room. As a new comer I was placed at the upper or cross one, where six boys, Miss Waddilove's especial favorites, were anxiously awaiting the arrival of the presiding lady, that they might commence an attack upon the thick oatmeal porridge, and watery bread and

milk, that was spread out on a somewhat soiled and discoloured table-cloth.

The buzz of merry voices which first greeted my ears was put an end to when old Bridget (as she was irreverently called) made her appearance, and in a dignified voice introduced me to her young friends.

"Master Carlton, please to take a place next to Master Parkyns," she said to me.

I sat down, and my neighbour, a merry-looking fellow, gave me a pinch under the table as a proof of good fellowship.

Mrs. Davies, the housekeeper, assisted by two maids, then proceeded to portion out our allowances in small white basins; and by the faces of the majority of the recipients, the fare did not appear to be very much to their liking.

No sooner was the meal over than we retired to the school-room, where prayers were said; and I was then conducted to my dormitory, having previously undergone a process of ablution with hot water, yellow soap, and coarse towels, which figu-

ratively made many a juvenile blackamoor white. The room appropriated to me contained eight turn-up iron bedsteads, and, finding my portmanteau and my box—my school-boy box—at the foot of one, I was soon in my narrow crib, inwardly invoking a blessing upon my beloved father and mother. After tossing about for a little, I slept the sleep of childhood, till I awoke refreshed.

At an early hour, Susan, the housemaid, made her appearance, and informed me that the "silent system" prevailed in the bed-rooms, but that if I went down to the play-ground I should find my school-fellows, it being, in consequence of the anniversary of some great victory, a whole holiday.

Delighted to be emancipated, I rushed into the small enclosed yard devoted to gymnastics, and was soon warmly welcomed by the "fellows" of the Park.

"How old are you?"

"What's your name?"

"Have you got any 'sock' in your box?"

"How much money did the governor stand?"

"You looked rather troubled with the slows last night!"

"Slow!" I responded, addressing the youth who had thus libelled me; "you'll find I can hit pretty fast with these," I added, extending my arms in the most approved pugilistic manner.

"Bravo!—bravo, Carlton!" shouted one.

"Pitch into him," said another; but not wishing to commence my education with a fight, especially as my antagonist looked good-humouredly at me, I held out my hand, and shook his warmly. A shout of approbation rewarded my forbearance, and I at once established myself as a fast boy.

"Oh, here's young Mosesh," exclaimed Parkyns, who had sat next to me at supper; "if you want any 'sock,' he's your man."

A Jew-looking boy, who was purveyor of sour oranges, mealy apples, clammy cakes, soft gingerbread nuts, saccharine lollypops, sticky bulls-eyes, indigestible biscuits, tasteless ginger beer, and other condiments and liquids, made his appearance; and with a liberality only known to school-

boys, I soon treated half a dozen who clung to me, to the coveted luxuries, the most popular of which seemed to be a penny roll, with the crumb taken out and treacle inserted in its place.

After breakfast we were marshalled for our morning walk two by two, and having been (as they say in the Army) told off, I found a stripling of about my own age, William Darley by name, appointed to be my companion. He was a demure-looking youth, with an imperturbable countenance, and at first sight I looked upon him as very steady and quiet. I, however, shortly ascertained that such was not the case, for he took an early opportunity of enlightening me as to his real character.

"Won't we have a lark this evening?" said he; "Moses has promised to bring us some fire-works, and if we don't squib old Betty, my name's not Bill."

I ascertained afterwards that the denounced individual presided over the culinary department of the Park, and was in great disgrace for sending up

underdone tough legs of mutton, hard dumplings, *fruitless* tarts and plum puddings, *lucus è non lucendo* without the currants.

"Look out," said the pickle, suddenly, "lend me your knife."

In less time than I can take to describe it, young Darley had opened the large blade, severed the reins of a donkey that was tied up to a doorway, shut up the weapon of mischief, and slipped it into my pocket; during which process not a muscle of his face moved, nor was the motion of the right arm perceptible, as he made the successful cut with the usual swing of that member.

The effect produced was prodigious, for the patient animal happened to have paniers of fruit and vegetables upon his back. Away he scampered, kicking and braying, his pace greatly increased by the sly cuffs and shrill noises which met him on every side.

"Who has turned my donkey loose?" exclaimed the perambulating vendor of apples, greens, onions, carrots, turnips, and potatoes.

"Stop him!" shouted a dozen idlers.

"Do not stir a step," cried the proprietress of the Park, "or an accident will happen."

We halted to watch the proceedings; some one, it appeared, had headed the animal, and he came trotting back close to where Darley and myself were standing. A small bank hid us from the lynx eyes of Miss Waddilove, and not liking to be outdone in fun or fastness by my companion, I caught hold of the rein, when, owing to a sudden jerk, the paniers were upset.

A slight kick and a yell set the animal into a gallop, and away he started over the common, followed by his owner, leaving vestiges of the vegetable world behind him at every step. To fill our pockets with apples was the first thought of Darley and myself, but a feeling of compunction arose in our breasts, and we determined not only to pay for all we had, but to protect the property of the owner, whom we had out of a lark so greatly injured.

The tempting sight of the fruit had attracted

others besides ourselves, and three or four ill-looking lads, perfectly regardless of the principle of *meum* and *tuum*, laid violent hands on it.

"Leave it alone!" said my companion.

"It's not yours," I chimed in.

"You are a nice pair," remarked a juvenile costermonger's lad; "don't you wish we mayn't get it," and suiting the action to the word, seized a bunch of carrots.

"No, you don't," replied Darley, snatching the stolen articles, and arming himself with a rope of onions.

"Oh! that's your game, young un', is it?" responded the other; "we'll see who'll have the best of it," and with that he advanced to the rescue.

To save my friend, by throwing myself forward, was my first thought, and the allied force proved too strong for the enemy. A shrill whistle, with a cry for Jim Saunders and Sam Jennings, soon brought two auxiliaries, and we should have come off vanquished, had not some of our fellows

commenced offensive operations by pelting the assailants with every species of esculent root. The usual Covent Garden Market scene in the Christmas pantomimes could only furnish a slight sketch of the skirmish.

A crowd of course had assembled, urging on the belligerent powers. Miss Waddilove was occupying her time between crying, screeching, scolding, and fainting. The maid was applying sal volatile to her nostrils. Still the combat raged furiously, and might have proved serious, had not a reinforcement arrived that put an end to the battle. The owner of the donkey had, with the assistance of a purveyor of asses' milk, caught his own animal, and hearing how gallantly the young gentlemen had behaved in guarding his property, lost no time in coming to our aid.

The result is easily told. Darley and myself slipped a few shillings into his hands, to repay him for his losses, and were rewarded with some fine apples. The ranks were again formed, and we returned to the Park two by two, in the same order

we had left it, no one except myself being aware of the name of the culprit who had caused the mischief; indeed, so little was Miss Waddilove's suspicion aroused, that she was heard to declare to her sister, her conviction that the ruffian coster-monger's boy, who had so shamefully tried to rob the paniers, was the original promoter of the shameful and heartless prank; adding that the conduct of Masters Darley and Carlton was so exemplary, that she should grant the boys a half holiday.

The real motive for this generosity was to enable her to keep an appointment with her solicitor on the following day. Unfortunately for myself, the half holiday proved most inauspicious, and indirectly led to my leaving the Park. Within a radius of five miles from this classic spot, my trusty ally, Darley, had gained for himself a most unenviable notoriety, having for a length of time rendered himself notorious by being more assiduous in his attention to Pollux than Parnassus. Though naturally mild-mannered, his mettle was up at the

slightest excitement, and his combats were more numerous than select. One in particular, which took place on the above occasion, *de grege multo*, deserves especial record, as it exhibits a daring spirit of heroism rarely met with even in the annals of a school-boy.

We were during the afternoon cricketing on the play-ground, when a party of the genus called "snobs" insulted us. This was not to be borne, and a battle ensued, in which the aggressors had a manifest advantage. Elated with their triumph, they dispatched emissaries for additional help, and a drove of the very lowest class of idle boys, armed with sticks and flinty fists, rushed to the scene of action, with the glorious intention of annihilating about fifty striplings. But bullies are usually cowards. One and all fled at the first onset to a mound at the extremity of the play-ground, where they paused, assured of safety from the steepness of the ascent, as well as from a dry moat and pallisade that guarded it.

On following up their retreat, William Darley,

at the head of our cricketers, held a council of war on the expediency of an attack, which was voted *nem con*, with three regular British huzzas. He was accordingly the first to gain the hill, cross the fence, and followed by his brave companions in arms, or rather fists, discomfited the foe. Few escaped without black eyes, and as Darley's "optics" and mine were particularly disfigured, upon a report reaching my parents that my friendship with this youth would bring me into endless troubles, it was arranged that, upon a second fault, another school, or tutor, should be found, where more control could be put upon my actions.

CHAPTER IV.

"Look how thy servants do attend on thee,
Each in his office ready at thy beck."

SHAKESPEARE.

JEM GRANTHAM was so scared at the accident that had befallen me, whilst placed under his charge, that I question much whether he would have waited even to give a month's warning, had it not been for the interference of two old servants, who had grown grey in the family service. John Humphreys had drawn a cork in my grandfather's house, on the day my father was born, and Samuel Grantham, the coachman, had, nine years afterwards, driven Sir Edward to Westminster School, when first introduced to that seat of learning.

Both these valued and valuable domestics belonged to a class now unhappily nearly extinct, who came into service in youth, and did their best to remain in it until their dotage. The idea of parting from a master or mistress never entered their heads —they clung like ivy to the oak; or, not to adopt a simile from the parasitical plant, like limpets to a rock. The modern notion of "bettering themselves" was unknown. Butlers, like old port wine, were considered to improve by age, housekeepers lived and died under the roof-tree, housemaids passed from their teens to a ripe age in the same service; dairy, laundry, nurse, and still-room maids, were fixtures.

Footmen were not what might be aptly termed "running footmen," striving eagerly after new places; nor were they hired by measure, as they now are, at five pounds five a foot per annum. Gardeners were allowed to go to seed in one family; coachmen never gave up the reins until they had nearly arrived at the last stage of existence; huntsmen continued until they themselves

were run to earth; grooms were perfect Centaurs, forming part and parcel of their horses through life; gamekeepers seldom, if ever, changed their beat; and bailiffs and stewards seemed indigenous to the soil.

Nor did any of the above house servants consider it beneath their dignity to make themselves generally useful; and an answer, "it's not my place to do such and such a thing," would have produced intestine domestic war; in fact, they fully came up to the character of faithful attendants most graphically described by a French writer:—

"Servants, in former days, made part of the family; they were treated with affection, of which they, being duly sensible, were in proportion grateful and attentive. Masters were better served, and could depend upon them for a degree of fidelity very rare in modern days. Care was taken to preserve them all, alike from vice and from want, and, in return for their services and obedience, they plentifully enjoyed all the fruits of kindness and protection."

"Now servants pass from house to house, and from place to place, perfectly indifferent what master they serve. They never get together but to talk over the weaknesses, follies, and infirmities of their employers, ape their manners, and waste their time in drink and gambling. Formerly, they led a frugal, laborious, hard life, but they were held in esteem and regard, and, therefore, the faithful servant generally died of old age by the side of his master."

Although there is much asperity in the above remarks against the fraternity at large, we fear that in too many cases the censure is not exaggerated.

After the "lark" recorded in the last chapter, William Darley and myself became inseparables, the Damon and Pythias of the day; and having escaped scot free, concocted every species of mischief, which we carried out in the most reckless manner. After a series of adventures, in which orchards and gardens were robbed, knockers extracted, bell-pulls carried away, signs removed,

detonating balls placed in the path of unwary pedestrians, and fireworks thrown promiscuously among the crowd, Wimbledon became too hot to hold us, and deputations were about to lay the grievances of the respectable parishioners before our schoolmistress, when an event occured which rendered such interference unnecessary.

Within a short distance of the Park there resided a very cross-grained market gardener, as sour in disposition as a green gooseberry in May. Morgan Jones was a very peppery Welshman, who had taken mortal offence at our effacing a bouquet of flowers painted on a board, announcing "Fresh gathered every morning," and replacing the roses, pinks, jonquils, geraniums, and tulips, with a somewhat crude representation of a gigantic leek, and a verse of the old nursery lines, libellously, attributing the crime of stealing a piece of beef to the Taffys of the principalities. Thinking it not unlikely that the authors of this practical joke—we blush to desecrate the name of jest by connecting it with such an unworthy act—would probably take the earliest

opportunity of revisiting the scene, and as the culprits were well known to the irate Welshman, he remained hidden during the hour of our holidays, for two days, armed with a bamboo cane, with which he vowed dire vengeance.

It happened, fortunately for Darley and myself, that another exploit, a bird-nesting expedition, prevented our appearance at the garden during the first two days; but on the third morning, when we had arranged to pay our respects to Mr. Jones, under the pretence of purchasing some bird-seed, the catastrophe was averted by a most unforeseen circumstance. Young Grantham who was in the habit of exercising my pony daily, had selected Wimbledon Common for an early ride in spring, and on approaching the small village, if a few scattered houses can so be termed, where Morgan Jones resided, John Gilpin threw a shoe. The smithy was next door to the garden, and during the operation of replacing it, the trusty groom overheard a conversation between the Welshman and the blacksmith, in which the former vowed the most implacable revenge against Darley and myself.

"I'll cane them within an inch of their lives," said he. "The very first time they cross my path, the audacious young villains; not satisfied with spoiling my board, they attack the land of my birth."

To such a pitch of anger had Morgan raised himself, that he sputtered and swore, and appeared more like an infuriated bull than a rational being. "It's not improbable," he continued, "that those scamps may walk over here after breakfast; it is the anniversary of one of Nelson's victories, and Miss Waddilove on such occasions gives her pupils a half-holiday. See here," suiting the action to the word and striking the ground violently, "this bamboo will make them smart famously," and with this warlike declaration, Jones again took up his station in a small greenhouse which commanded all the approaches to the premises.

To warn us of the threatened danger was now Grantham's sole object, and to do this he lost no time in galloping to the Park.

"Is Master Carlton at home?" he enquired at the door, in an almost breathless state.

"He and Master Darley have not left the house

five minutes," responded Mrs. Davies, who, upon hearing the clattering of horses' feet, had condescended herself to answer the door.

"Which way did they go?" eagerly demanded the groom.

"Across the common to Morgan Jones; they were kind enough to promise to get me some bird-seed for my canary."

Without uttering another word, Jem clapped spurs to my pony, and proceeded at true John Gilpin rate.

We had taken the direct road, and were within a hundred yards of the garden, when the groom overtook us. It occupied less time than I take to record it, to inform us of our danger, and having decided upon proceeding in another direction, I mounted my four-footed favorite. Mischief prompted me to trot off in the direction of Jones's house, for the purpose of catching a look at him; and as the thought flashed across my mind, I started to carry it into effect.

As I approached the entrance, I found that the obnoxious board had been removed, and in its stead

appeared a written paper, warning trespassers not to enter the premises under the threat of being proceeded against to the utmost rigour of the law.

"Have you any cut flowers?" I exclaimed, as Morgan who despite his anger had always an eye for business, left his hiding-place, thinking a customer had trotted up.

"A few lilies of the valley," he replied meekly.

"Cut flowers!" he shouted out in a Stentorian voice, upon perceiving the object of his search; "I'll cut flower you!" and rushing back for his cane, gave me an opportunity of collecting John Gilpin for a start.

"I'll call another day," said; I "leeks not lilies for me," and pressing my pony's side, away we flew "upon the pinions of the wind."

Within a few yards of the house, a gate that led into the garden was open; I turned short round, galloped through it, with the Welshman in full cry, knowing that by cutting off an angle I should more easily rejoin my friends, who I feared would get uneasy at my absence.

"I have you now!" cried my pursuer, who had

exchanged his light bamboo for a heavy pitchfork; and such appeared to be the case, for a gap in the hedge through which I had constantly crawled was firmly made up with a strong hurdle placed on end, so as to form a barrier of at least six feet and a half. To charge it with any prospect of success was out of the question, so, turning my pony's head to the right, I made for a small fence which divided the garden from the common. To clear this was my only resource; and as my infuriated foe was, in consequence of the unevenness of the ground, gradually gaining upon me, I collected Johnny Gilpin, who, as he took off, received an additional stimulus for exertion to that which my heels had given him, namely, a heavy blow from the flat part of the pitchfork. This produced the desired effect, and he bounded over the enclosure without touching it, while Morgan Jones, puffing and blowing like a grampus, gave up the chase, leaving me to give my steed breath, and enabling me to sing a verse of the offensive song, which I altered in the following manner:

Taffy was a Welshman, Taffy was a thief,
Taffy came to my house and stole a piece of beef;
Taffy, with *bamboo* in hand, looked so fierce and grim,
Tell Taffy, though a Welshman, that I've *bamboo*zled him."

After delivering myself of this extemporaneous distich, I joined young Darley and Sam, recounted my adventures, and accompanied the latter, part of the way home.

Jones, foiled in his attempt to chastise me, made a formal written complaint to my parents, threatening an action at law for destroying his property, and trespassing on his grounds. I was instantaneously removed from the Park, and a *douceur* having been given to the irate market-gardener, all legal proceedings were stopped.

"No one helps a lame dog over a hedge," is an old and trite saying; nor is it confined to the canine species, for when once down in the world, the human race seldom find a supporting hand. No sooner had I left Miss Waddilove's establishment, than all the scrapes I had got into were blazoned forth; and coming to the ears of my parents,

it was decided to send me at once to a private tutor's at Benyon Parsonage, not far from Henley-on-Thames, where I was to be prepared for Westminster School.

Taking an affectionate leave of Darley, to whom I vowed eternal friendship, I shook hands with every member of Miss Waddilove's establishment, and was conveyed to Brentford, where the Oxford coach was to pick me up, and deposit its precious burthen, or, as the aristocratic dowager's coachman called it, "shoot its rubbish," at Benyon Parsonage.

After an agreeable journey, we drove up to the "Red Lion," famed for its mutton chops; and, having heard of their renown, I soon enabled myself to speak practically upon the subject of their merits. A post-chaise conveyed me to the Parsonage, where I was formally introduced to the worthy dominie.

The Reverend Dr. Rowcroft was, as in later life I found to be the case, a minister, who fully felt the necessity for "that healthful spirit of grace" which the supplicant church prays for, to assist his

humble endeavours in the arduous work appointed him. Although he was watchful in his office, faithful and diligent, bold in rebuking vice and unmasking hypocrisy, zealous in exciting the lukewarm and indifferent to action, lacking no moral courage in enduring the taunts of the scornful, the sneers of the envious, the frowns of the cruel and malicious—firm and patient in enlightening the ignorant, strong in combating the unbeliever; wise in confuting the specious arguments of the sophist, apt in exposing the fallacies of the caviller, he knew full well that the fountain of living water, from whence his wisdom flowed, and the spring of eternal life that supplied his courage, his patience, his martyr-like endurance, was the merciful gift of Omnipotence.

Although at the advanced age of seventy, and suffering from a break-up of constitution, he exhibited in his entire demeanour the appropriate graces of a cheerful resignation under such infirmities, and an abiding sense of gratitude for past mercies. By a meek submission to the will of

Providence under the various ills he endured, he still adorned and benefited society. Around him youth and manhood flocked, delighting to learn wisdom from his experience; and by contemplating his spotless character, were almost imperceptibly led to imitate what they could not fail to admire. As the young caught the instructive narrative from the lips of age, of temptations successfully resisted, of bad habits thoroughly eradicated, of worldly griefs soothed if not removed, of disappointments ending in blessings—many an evil passion was subdued, many a rebellious heart melted to tenderness, and many a baneful feeling, long cherished, long rankling in the bosom, gave way to one of charity, peace, joy and good-will towards man.

There was a warmth of manner in the Doctor's reception of me that at once awed my rebellious spirit, and won my affection. His benign countenance beamed with satisfaction, while, in a voice firm yet replete with feeling, he told me that without referring to my past career, my future conduct would regulate his actions, and that however willing he was to make allowances for the exuberance

of youth, any act of an ungentlemanlike character would at once bring about expulsion from his house.

"You will find," he said, "every disposition on my part to make you happy and respected. My pupils, of whom I have now only four, are all that I could wish both as respects their attention to study, and moral conduct. They will tell you what I require, and of what I disapprove. And now, perhaps, you would like to join them in the playing field, as we generally have our supper at seven o'clock. After your journey you will, I have no doubt, be ready for it."

Conducting me to a small field, beautifully situated within a short distance of the Thames, I was introduced to my school-fellows, all of whom welcomed me with extreme cordiality. From them I ascertained that although Doctor Rowcroft was a strict disciplinarian, he was most indulgent after the exercises of the day were finished, and encouraged cricket, boating, archery, and every juvenile recreation; instances were recorded of rebellious youths being expelled at a moment's notice, while

others were mentioned in which the reverend pastor had befriended some pupil unfavoured by fortune throughout his early career. The whole tone of my companions' conversation, the methodical arrangements for our personal comforts, the confidence the Doctor placed in us, were diametrically opposite to all I had met with at Miss Waddilove's; and I, who had inwardly determined to defy my new tutor's authority, in less than four-and-twenty hours became his satellite.

Tom Brown has so vividly enlightened the public with regard to school days, that I pass over the year I sojourned at Benyon Parsonage, and the first six months of my introduction to Westminster School, at that time in its most palmy days.

Upon leaving the Park, I found that my education had been sadly neglected, but the admirable method carried out by Dr. Rowcroft made up for lost time, and when I went up before Dr. Cary, then head master of Westminster, I was highly complimented, and placed in a form far above what, from my age, could have been expected.

Pages might be written descriptive of Dean's Yard, and its fagging, Tothill Fields, and its pastimes—and I could draw a lively picture of the old school as it was, and as it is, but as most of my readers are personally acquainted with school-boy life at all scholastic establishments, private and public, in England, I will not tax their patience by dwelling upon an often-told tale, but will merely record a few events, that perhaps may not prove uninteresting to those who peruse these pages.

The annual play was, at this time, an eagerly looked-for event in the minds of all, whether town boys, or king's scholars; for in those days a female sovereign did not grace the throne of these realms, shedding her influence around her loving subjects, and realizing that sweet and dignified passage of Byron's:—

"Virtue
Stands like the sun, and all which rolls around,
Drinks life, and light, and glory, from her aspect."

Never shall I forget the first time I witnessed one of Terence's plays in the college dormitory,

which was fitted up with a stage, scenery, and accommodations for a select audience. In those days, to avoid the expense of ancient costume, they retained the modern English dress of coats, waistcoats, and breeches. The old men were decked out after the fashion of Sir Oliver Surface, in "The School for Scandal," their sons appeared as Bond Street loungers, while the scheming servants looked like Sir Harry, and my Lord Duke, in "High Life Below Stairs." The ladies, too, resembled May-day sweeps, not a trace of the Athenian fair ones being left.

According to annual custom, the prologue and epilogue contained allusions to the politics, and the passing follies of the time, and, upon the occasion I refer to, gave rise to some strong remarks in the then liberal newspaper of the day.

For many years the Duke of York had been a constant attendant, and was always welcomed with the soul-stirring air of "See the Conquering Hero Comes!" To reward, in a more signal manner this royal condescension, Dr. Cary, the head master,

took an opportunity of introducing the name of the illustrious patron in the prologue; and after expressing his thanks for the honour so repeatedly done to the school, and declaring that the Duke was one who delighted to advance everybody's interest, made the youthful actor say:

"Merito te amamus omnes. Tu porro tuâ
Virtute macte sedulo; et quam modo tibi,
Votis lubenter obsecuta publicis,
Fraterna pietas reddidit provinciam,
(Pudet meminisse quibus olim abreptam dolis)
Iterum tibi habeto; quam procures splendide,
Ita ut solebas; nam nihil tibi reliqui est,
Quod nunc in istâ efficere possis amplius,
Quam quod solebas, et quod est factum prius."

Thus translated:—

"We all love you deservedly, and entreat you to proceed as virtuously as you have begun. Again receive the office (we blush to remember how you were cheated out of it) which your brother's affection, in joyful compliance with the public wishes, has restored to you, and which you will conduct as brilliantly as you have been accustomed to do; for it is impossible that you can con-

duct it more brilliantly, or give it any efficiency which you have not bestowed on it already."

The notoriety of the Mrs. Clarke scandal, and the above most fulsome compliment, gave the ill-natured world an opportunity of insinuating that Dr. Cary was influenced by the hopes of preferment, in thus glossing over actions which, for the sake of those connected with them, had much better have been buried in oblivion.

The various modes by which men show their desire for public observation are generally ridiculous; some who wish to be thus exalted have recourse to a singularity of dress, others seek renown by eccentricity of manner or quaintness of language, and others by attempting that which nature never formed them for. In my early days, dress that made civilians emulate the costume of our brave Peninsula warriors, by appearing in Wellington boots and overalls, with steel chains to keep them down, grey military coats, Hussar waistcoats, and long spurs; dress, too, that influenced gentlemen to ape the costume of grooms

and stage coachmen, by decking themselves out in cord breeches, top boots, flash waistcoats, queer-shaped hats, Bandana neckcloths, sporting pins, and "upper Benjamins," and dress that formed the study of a life, from almost the highest personage, the heir to the throne, down to the most humble follower of Beau Brummell, was the besetting folly. The result was, that an *outré* appearance in dress, language, and carriage became the rage.

Whenever a young man did one thing more absurd than another, he pleaded fashion, as a man of sense usually quotes a learned authority in defence of his argument. Fashion, however, is not in reality quite the distorted monster which the whims and follies of its votaries would make her—it is a necessary aid to trade; for by changing the modes and colours of our dress, we give fresh impetus to various branches of our manufactures. But the exclusives of both sexes reduce fashion to a preposterous hat, a ridiculous bonnet, or an exaggerated crinoline; it is therefore the most fatal *ignis fatuus* of the eye that can possibly ap-

pear. It makes the old man put on false hair and teeth, and induces the young man to lace himself tightly up; it causes the antique dowager to paint, and tempts the girl in her teens to darken her eyebrows. It sends the worn-out beau to learn to hobble a quadrille, and the precocious schoolboy to ape the manners of the bon ton, making the one ridiculous and the other conteimptible.

It is astonishing how both sexes can run after one mode of dress; nothing can so much prove an universal insanity, for if women are desirous of attaining fame by a declaration of their thorough knowledge in dress, let them show that knowledge by suiting their clothes to their persons. When flounces are the fashion, we see short persons indulging in the greatest quantity of them, so as to make them appear dwarfish, while those of a taller or what is termed the may-pole growth have no rows of trimming whatever. When small bonnets are worn, we see round-faced ladies in the most diminutive chapeaux; in short, we find gay colours adopted by the old, and sombre hues by the young; we see turbans, which form a magni-

ficent head-dress to the beautiful, adorning the plainest of the fair sex.

But fashion is not confined entirely to dress; there is a mode of looking, speaking, and bowing; and, added to these, there is also a vocabulary of words sanctioned by this arbitrary ruler of the nation. The *beau-monde* for a long time gave much countenance to the word "immense," which was as general as absurdity could make it. Everything was immensely small, immensely large, immensely delightful, immensely hateful, immensely beautiful. We scarcely ever met with a word which received such universal attention and application.

When its reign was established by fashion and folly, to the surprise of all it was dethroned by monstrous—as monstrous little, monstrous sweet, monstrous handsome, monstrous stout, monstrous thin, monstrous clever, monstrous dull, monstrous musical, monstrous cowardly.

When this monstrous epithet was removed, we had "jolly" to an alarming extent, which was followed by one of the ejaculatory class, "Did you ever?" "Well I never!" "No, I never!"

The Houses of Parliament were not slow in introducing pet phrases of their own, "I am free to confess," etc., which have become as familiar as "household words." But the *ton* or fashion is not confined to dress and speech; our very appetites are ruled by mode, and our very manner of conducting ourselves at table is regulated by conventionalism. Thus, to call twice for soup or fish, or to drink beer with cheese, are pronounced vulgar, and to sit down to dinner before half-past eight or nine is looked upon as unworthy the *élite*. There have been and still are many spurious imitators of fashion, who have the folly to wish to imitate servilely the manners of the leaders of *ton*, without the judgment or tact to carry them out.

A brief notice of a few of such celebrities will probably suffice. Prominent among them was the rich West Indian Coatès, so well known during his life as Romeo Coates, from his exceedingly amusing burlesque representation of the fair Juliet's lover at some of the London and Provincial theatres. His frogged surtout, blue-corded

pantaloons, and Hessian boots, were as familiar to town idlers as his dashing curricle, shaped like a shell, with silver harness profusely decorated with crowing cocks moulded in the same metal, bearing the characteristic motto, "While I live I'll crow." Poor fellow! he long survived the notoriety of his diamond-hilted sword and buckles; and his melancholy end contrasted strangely with the false brilliance of his career, for in his old age he was run over by a cab near Covent Garden Theatre, after an evening's performance, and killed on the spot.

Mr. Haynes, commonly called "the Silver Ball," to distinguish him from "the Golden Ball," who married the dancer Mercandotti, wore a suit of pea-green cloth, which gave him another familiar sobriquet. That fine old English gentleman, the late George Byng, stuck to his dress as he did to his principles, for the leather breeches and top-boots of his early manhood, with characteristic consistency, clothed his green old age. He was a totally different sort of person to the individual I have just named; who, among other follies, posted

from place to place in a smart chariot and four, with a black prize-fighter in the rumble.

I remember a Scottish Laird, since deceased (Johnson of Straton), a member of Parliament, and a connoisseur of pictures, of which he possessed a considerable collection, making himself conspicuous at evening parties by appearing at Melton in red silk stockings and trowsers. His eccentricity was further displayed by going without fires in the severest weather, and by wounding himself in the hand to show that he was as insensible to pain as to cold.

Theobald of Stockwell, the owner of several good race-horses, was readily identified by his straight-cut coat, leathers, and boots; while a popular and clever member of the House of Peers, still, in his morning costume, adheres to the blue, swallow-tailed coat, trowsers, cotton stockings, and shoes of his youth.

The late Fulwer Craven's get up would now be called "loud," as it consisted of a bright-coloured silk neck-tie, adorned with a gold brooch repre-

senting either two pugilists or a stage coach and four, a scarlet under and yellow upper waistcoat, and drab breeches, with gaiters, leaving a space of a couple of inches between them. A similar love of gay colours prevailed in the refined exquisite Count D'Orsay, whose faultless coat and immaculate wristbands were for years the observed of all observers.

Elegance, however, is not always the object of persons who desire to attract attention through the medium of their tailors; for at one time many were content to resemble stage coachmen, at another they might quite as easily be mistaken for grooms. The late Lord Hawke, Sir Charles Buxton, and Mr. H. Villebois were examples of the first; as to the latter, their name is legion. Their ambition is to be conspicuous at any cost.

Several have been content with wearing one peculiar article of dress. Jolliffe was known by his bizarre hat; Stephenson by his Hessian boots; Lord Petersham by his capacious trowsers (Toulon and Toulouse, as the wags called them), his shoes and buckles, and queer-shaped hat; but with

all who were acquainted with his lordship's sterling qualities, his harmless oddities of dress passed almost unnoticed.

The race of eccentrics is not entirely extinct; but among gentlemen a quiet style is the rule, and extravagance the exception. For some time there was a run upon beards; but when these appendages became common, the most hirsute of our Rabbis showed themselves content with a clean chin.

The excitement of the great contest that was being carried on in the Peninsula was quite as great as that which attended the Crimean war, and every despatch containing the account of battles won, and they were numerous, was the signal for public rejoicing in England. Never shall I forget the doings in London, in honour of the battle of Salamanca, when, on Monday the 17th August, and the two following nights, a grand illumination took place to celebrate Wellington's victory, and upon no former occasion was there a more general enthusiasm and exultation evinced by the people. The metropolis

was one blaze of light from Hyde Park Corner to Whitechapel, and the streets were crammed until past three o'clock in the morning. Monday being the anniversary of the Duke of York's birthday, those tradesmen who wished to "kill two birds with one stone," illuminated their houses with variegated lamps, with D. Y. and Victory—an association that called down some bitter remarks from the satirists of the day.

To show how these public rejoicings were carried on in the days of the old guardians of the night, I add a description of the outrages that occurred. A mob in Piccadilly, organised and led by a fellow with a bugle-horn, who collected or dispersed them by his blasts, committed the most daring outrages. Females were assailed with squibs and crackers; a hackney coach containing two ladies and a gentlemen was attacked by these ruffians, who broke the windows, forced open the doors, and set fire to the straw. This was only one instance out of hundreds.

A band of music headed by respectable-looking

persons paraded the streets, stopping to play the National Anthem opposite the houses of Sir Francis Burdett, and other liberal members of the House of Commons, and groaning when they approached the house of a Tory.

While I was at the great public school I had numerous opportunities of observing what was going on around it. It was a most stirring time, which is the best excuse that can be produced for some of the exciting scenes it created. The bulk, however, were totally inexcusable. They were simply characteristic of the social lawlessness that prevailed, and were suffered to exist in consequence of the incapacity of the local authorities to put them down.

CHAPTER V.

"Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, or a codling * when 'tis almost an apple; 'tis with him even standing water, between boy and man."

SHAKESPEARE.

AFTER remaining five years at Westminster, where I was crammed with Greek and Latin, devoting a few leisure hours twice a week to French, writing, and arithmetic, my studies were pronounced to be complete, and in a few months I was to proceed to the University.

In the meantime, I got into terrible disgrace

* Unripe apple in Shakespeare's time.

with my mother in consequence of the misdirection of a letter. Every Westminster boy in the upper school fancied himself in love with some beauty in the neighbourhood of Dean's Yard, and I had fallen a temporary victim to the charms of one, Betty Higgs—a not very aristocratic name—but whose winning smile, white teeth, dark eyes, and raven black hair, in my estimation, during those "green and salad days," made up for her plebeian birth and appelation. I had written to a "crony" who had recently left the school, informing him of the conquest the dark-eyed damsel had made, which I trusted was reciprocal, and pointing out the delight I had experienced in meeting her at West End fair, and treating her to all the delicacies of the season—gingerbread, eel-pies, saveloys, and white-wine negus. In my hurry and carelessness I wrote wrong directions, and the letter I meant for my "chum" was delivered to my parent, while the following pithy epistle was, when the mistake was discovered, forwarded to her:—

"DEAR MOTHER,

"I write to you because I have nothing to do; I conclude my letter because I have nothing to say.

"Your affectionate son,

"GEORGE."

At an early age, then, with passions fostered by indulgence, and extravagance confirmed by habit, I was entered as a commoner of Trinity College, Cambridge. Life with all its pleasures was before me; I saw only the roses, not the thorns of its path, and resolved to pluck them while yet they bloomed.

As it was not my intention to try for college honours, I had full leisure to enjoy the amusements of the university. My father supplied me with ample means, and wine-parties, cards, billiards, hunting, shooting, the turf, engrossed every thought.

How often has college life been described, and yet the style of men is so frequently changing. "The sets," of which a college is composed are so dissimilar, that I trust I shall not be trespassing

on the reader's valuable time if I pause at this portion of my career. Doubtless every man, if carefully surveyed, wears on his exterior some token by which his "style" may be ascertained; and it frequently happens that a man finds his level and settles down into a position at college simply by his appearance. Such, at least, was my case.

Finding few old school friends at Trinity, and having seen more of "life" than other Freshmen who were casting themselves on the waters of university life with myself, I picked out as associates those who my powers of discernment told me were the "best." And who were the best? I must say that my definition of the "best men" would embue them with an extensive taint of fastness; yet it is not, reader, fastness of that vulgar kind, which would shock the good slow gentleman.

The Hon. Julius Rivers and myself were mutually struck with each other at first sight, and in a few days we became sworn allies. The young Lord Arlington, heir to the fine estate of Herringly Castle, who "came up" at the same time as my-

self, soon found that there was an imaginary load-stone about my person, by which he became speedily attracted. Under the protection of two such regular "Armstrongs" as these, there is no wonder that I got on as fast as I did. I call them Armstrongs, because they were both important men, and I should say that neither could have been estimated at less than a two hundred pounder. Lord Arlington was a good-humoured young man, but, like some public pump of the ancient school, would have been thought much less of were it not for the handle to his name. He had at his command an immense amount of stable lore, had committed to memory the pedigree of every Derby and St. Leger horse that had run for the last twenty years, and possessed a most comprehensive knowledge of all the fortuitous games that can be extracted from fifty-two pieces of card-board, or two cubes of dice. Belonging to a sporting family, and heir to an estate which had been many times during past generations gambled away, and as many times wonderfully rescued from creditors'

hands by the intervention of heiresses, by the timely death of proprietors who were running full-gallop through the property, and by other pieces of luck, Lord Arlington had early displayed a taste for those sporting amusements, the principal end of which seemed to be to transfer money from one person's pocket to another with the least trouble. He was gentlemanlike, without being really agreeable or clever. I never heard of any-one having absconded with a *bon. mot* that had accidentally dropped from his lips.

There was at the time I am endeavouring to recall, "a set" at Trinity, flourishing in all the pride of prosperity, under the name of the "grande vitesse." It was composed principally of men who "came up" with a view of killing time, spending money, and amusing themselves; and as Lord Arlington, Julius Rivers, and myself became, a few days after our arrival, part and parcel of the society, we had very soon an opportunity of ascer-taining not only what were its tastes, but also what were its antipathies.

I might say at once that such tastes were for the follies of the day, and the amusements of the hour; and such antipathies, discipline and study. As a body, they were not early risers, and none felt any alarm about them when their places were missed at morning chapel. Lectures were not at all in their line. They might have been several hundred miles away from Cambridge, as far as the college authorities were concerned, had not the fact that a certain quantity of provisions were "taken out" in their name every day, testified to the supposition that they were keeping body and soul together in the bosom of Alma Mater.

They were fond of riding and driving, when there was anything worthy of being ridden or driven after. They attended, of course, all races within riding distance, or driving range of the University. They were so frequently in London, that they knew everything that was going on there. The last cut in coats, which was supposed to be coming in, was hurried off to them by the Poole of the moment. The latest thing in collars

that the fashion leaders of the day had adopted, was soon displaying its virgin whiteness round their necks; and it was really a subject for commiseration that so much expense and trouble lavished by them upon these and other articles of dress, was so little appreciated by those who had the most ample opportunity to see and admire them.

Frivolous, and leading on to anything but fortune, as all this may appear, the day-time of my college career was perfectly harmless compared to its night-time.

During these hours, when Homer declares "*βροτοι αλλοι ευ δουσιν*," we might have been found invariably collected in one or other of the rooms, round the luring table of speculation. More money might have been seen changing hands and pockets in one night than would have maintained the inmates of an ordinary workhouse for a week.

Alas! the very recollection of those days is painful; for who does not know that none but "Lydian kings" can afford to indulge in the

expensive amusement of gambling. The winner of one sitting has probably spent his gains ere he appears at the next. A day of reverse comes, bringing you into contact with money-lenders and misery. The brain which has been ransacked to discover and work out some successful system of play, loses its powers for other employment; and the worshipper of a luck that never comes when wanted, finds out, when too late, that he is the victim of a treacherous idol. These are well-known facts, but facts which in so many cases nought but *experientia docet.*

The evil genius of disaster which has attended me through life was constant to me at the University. I had been some little time an undergraduate, and flattered myself I was getting on very well, but an event occurred which proved that I was indulging in self-adulation of the vainest kind. We led a very merry life, care kept considerately in the background, and I never turned my head to acknowledge her presence. I thought my friends extremely nice fellows, and I believe I

may say that I was looked upon in the same light by them. Among such as they were, the character was an expensive one to keep up, consequently I was very soon quite the reverse of a solvent man; but the intervals between one excitement and another were too short to allow me calmly to look into my position. The society of Lord Arlington was such a thorough antidote to blue devils, that his presence dispelled any amount of satanic application in azure clothing.

If after a series of losses I cursed my luck to him, he was always ready with a "never mind, old fellow," "I've been losing more than you," "our turn is coming," "let's have a bottle of champagne;" and we had one, and the last glass tasted so much like "eternal friendship" in the form of a liquid, I felt that for this boon companion of congenial spirit at that moment I would have risked my last farthing to save him from grief.

Lord Arlington's means were such as to admit of his scribbling his name on stamped paper for some

time to come with impunity. I, on the other hand, was reduced to various straits.

It was my misfortune to be of the same surname as an influential old don in my college, which frequently led to little errors, and eventually to the termination of my academical career.

In the course of my various visits to town, I had made acquaintance, and entered into a harmless little flirtation, with a very pretty *danseuse* at Drury Lane. She went by the name of "Rosa," and used to call me Georgy.

Having, like many other young men of my age, an indefinable craving for pink paper notes, with "soft nothings" scratched upon them by a froward steel pen, and thinking how glorious it would be if I could draw this Terpsichorean angel into a correspondence, I gave her my college address one day, and asked her to write to me. She promised she would.

The next time I saw her she taxed me with the extreme inattention of taking no notice of her

letter. I had never received it! She gave me a copy of it; it ran thus:—

"DEAR GEORGY,

"Come up and see me in the new ballet. They say I have made quite a hit. Hang your college rules, and don't be a muff.

"Yours sincerely,

"ROSA."

The thought immediately struck me that this letter, destined for me, must have gone into the horrid synonomous don's hands; and such, by tampering with that gentleman's servant, I subsequently ascertained to be the case.

Then I also found out that after this a cantankerous chymist of Cambridge had sent him an anonymous threatening letter to this effect:

"SIR,

"If you continue to leer at my daughter in the way you do when passing my shop, don't be surprised if, some-day, you find me punching your head."

I must confess that, when I received information of the delivery of this missive, I had strong doubts, in my own mind, whether the don was the party for whom it was intended. In fact, I had my reasons for supposing the contrary; but as I heard nothing of these things officially, they concerned me very little.

Good luck always shone upon me by fits and starts, at times dazzling me, almost scorching me with its treacherous rays, then suddenly withdrawing behind a cloud of adversity, and leaving me in the lurch. I felt that I was getting dreadfully into debt. Ready money was becoming a commodity more and more difficult to procure. In fact, like a man who finds himself in a thoroughfare where four ways meet and is ignorant where any of them lead, I did not know which way to turn.

One day, after having perused that column in *Bell's Life*, never to be too much distrusted by young men—that column where very inviting overtures are made to undergraduates, officers, gentlemen,

etc., by mysterious persons with alphabetical signatures; and having selected one more generously worded than the rest—secrecy, of course guaranteed—I proceeded to answer the advertisement, intending to solicit a loan.

Return of post brought me no reply, but a suspicious tap at my door, followed by an announcement that Mr. —— desired to see me at once, filled me with sinister forebodings. I obeyed the summons, and found Mr. —— in a great state of excitement, brandishing in the air a letter, in which, although he did not attempt to deny its shortness, he did not seem, judging by his countenance, to have discovered any sweetness.

He, first of all, read it aloud, as follows:—

"Sir,

"In answer to yours, if you can get a friend to back the bill, there will be no difficulty about the matter.

"Yours obediently,

"X. Y. Z."

He then asked me if I had any idea who this letter was meant for.

This was a question that admitted of nothing but a decided reply. I boldly answered,

"Sir, I believe it is meant for me."

"Then, sir, it is yours," said Mr. ——, handing it over to me; "and much as I respect you for scorning to disavow it, I must be under the painful necessity of recommending your immediate removal from Trinity."

College law, when sentence is once pronounced, is quite Medean and Persian. It only remained for me to pack up my goods and chattels, take leave of as many of my friends and as few of my creditors as I could find, and retire with all possible speed and quiet.

The only remaining evening I was destined to spend in college was devoted to a supper given in my honour by the worthy members of "the grande vitesse."

Lord Arlington was inconsolable. The champagne remedy was of no avail, and even that no-

bleman's corpulent servant shed tears when the intelligence was broken to him.

The hour of supper arrived. Everybody, I in particular, endeavoured to be cheerful, and cheerful we were, till the moment arrived when his lordship rose to perform the melancholy duty of drinking the health of the friend who was about to be prematurely taken away. His firm stout form raised itself from its chair with every probability of his language being pathetic; a sort of clear-the-way process was audible in his throat. He looked towards me, was distinctly heard to vociferate, "Gentlemen," and was about to proceed, when a violent catching sound in the guttural region seemed to smother articulation, and block up a free passage for the briefest sentence.

What he did not say he left to the imagination of our friends, and, in token of their sympathy, a hearty salute of applause was fired at me.

My feelings had taken such complete possession of my heart, that I could find few words when

I endeavoured to speak my thanks. I was about to be separated from those whom I had long accustomed myself to regard as friends. I was about to take leave of friendships contracted at an age when the human heart is, if ever, susceptible of a veritable and unselfish affection, when similarity of taste and disposition guides in the selection of comrades, far more than the question of who a man is, what he is, and other worldly considerations. Luckily, a precautionary draught of University champagne had nerved me up for the occasion, and I got through my "return thanks" as creditably as my oratorical powers would allow me.

I remember perfectly well (in fact, I don't see how I could well have forgotten it)—there was a man present at this supper named Horace D'Arcy, who was particularly attentive to me, and, I am sorry to say, I was weak enough to regard his interest in me as genuine. He was not an undergraduate, but had got an introduction to some of our party in London, by intimating that he was going down to Cambridge to buy a horse. When

he arrived, there seemed to be so much difficulty in effecting his purchase, that a fortnight elapsed without his finding the animal he wanted!

During this time he had contrived to make himself one of us. He was always in college, and his luck at our card-table, to which he had been invited, was more wondered at, than admired. But he had quite a taking manner, dressed and looked like a gentleman, and mentioned his intimate acquaintance with so many great people in such an apparently unostentatious way, that had the most high-flown title been forwarded to him from the metropolis, I have little doubt but that it would have been instantaneously acknowledged by all of us. His age was about thirty-five, yet he looked somewhat older; nevertheless he was decidedly a good-looking man.

It was the Newmarket Craven week. D'Arcy, taking my arm as we left the supper-room, inquired what my plans were. I informed him that they were not made.

"I'll drive you over to-morrow to Newmarket,

if you like," volunteered my new friend. "Lord Arlington is going, and we shall be a jolly party."

I agreed.

We reached the course the next day in very good time.

D'Arcy, who had been expatiating to me during our drive on the folly and inevitable consequences of betting without good information, and kind warnings as to whom one ought to bet with, and what well-known characters ought to be avoided, &c., left me as soon as we arrived on the Heath, promising to return, and "put me up" to what he called "a good thing." Presently I saw him engaged in a mysterious conversation with a suspicious-looking man.

When he returned to me, he drew me aside from my friends, with whom I was conversing, and told me that, "from information received," he had just laid one thousand pounds to two hundred on the favourite, for the Riddlesworth, which was just going to be run, and that, if I liked, I might have half the bet, which was an

extremely good one, and, as he said, a certain way of "landing a cool hundred."

I agreed, without consideration.

The race took place. The horses came galloping along; already they had cleared the brow of the hill. The sun shone brilliantly on their gay colours, and the favourite, "Frantic," was discernible in the van. All sound was hushed. They approached nearer, nearer still. The favourite was within a few yards of the winning chair, when she stopped unaccountably—"Benedict" passed her! His number was hoisted, and I had lost five hundred pounds!

What was I to do? Application to my father would be useless; I had but lately received a remittance, accompanied with complaints of my extravagance. Immediate payment of this debt of honour was necessary. (I may here remark, I subsequently ascertained that I had been thoroughly swindled.)

"You are unlucky, indeed," said Lord Arlington, to whom I imparted my distress. "But I can

lend you two hundred pounds, if you like, and you can pay me when you please."

I accepted his kind offer, feeling sure that I should be able shortly to repay him. Then came D'Arcy, wearing on his countenance the very best display of counterfeit disappointment that I ever saw.

"Never mind," said he to me. "These things will happen. You needn't pay me just yet, and if you are hard up, I will introduce you to the most liberal Jew you ever set eyes on. Meanwhile I am going to town this evening, come with me, and I will see if I can be of use to you."

I accepted his proposal. We started for the metropolis together, and about nine o'clock in the evening two persons might have been seen entering a peculiar doorway in St. James's Street. They were myself and D'Arcy, and the house was Alder's. It was the first time I had ever been inside a London gambling-house. The room was well filled when we entered, and every convenience for "play" was apparent.

Rouge et Noir, Hazard, E. O., were seductively arranged upon the different tables.

The wine I had drunk—fine military port, as it was called—flushed me with expectation. I staked my two hundred pounds, neck or nothing, at Hazard, threw in three mains, and, before the evening was concluded, came off the triumphant winner of twelve hundred pounds.

My ecstasy at the sight of my retrieved finances was indescribable. I repaid my loan to my companion, who had been equally fortunate, finished the night with a magnificent supper at this den of iniquity, and returned in a post-chaise and four the following morning to Cambridge, exulting in the ability to redeem my honour with D'Arcy.

A few months rolled on, varied by the alternate joys and cares of a gambler's life; for Horace D'Arcy, like some demon of malice, had fastened on my feelings, and there was no way of extricating myself. Together we went to Newmarket —to the Chesterton billiard-rooms—to the Huntingdon Assemblies—to Barnewell—and saw life

in its most refined, dissipated, and degraded forms.

Term was now over, the long vacation commenced. My father wrote to ask me to pass the summer in Sussex, but D'Arcy read the proposal and advised me to reject it for the superior pleasures of a London life. I pleaded some excuse to my parents, went to town, took lodgings in Bury Street, and nightly attended the most fashionable gaming houses, and, by proceeding with caution, contrived to keep on the winning side.

I could not always be at the gaming table; and having discovered that there were diversions quite as exciting as dice and cards, indulged in the one with as little restraint as I had done in the other.

"There is no life on earth," says Ben Jonson, "but being in love;" and in later days, Hazlitt thus defines that passion which reduces the peer and the peasant, the Stoic, and the Epicurean to one common level:—

"I always was inclined to raise and magnify the power of love. I thought that his sweet power should only be exerted to join together the love-

liest forms and the fondest hearts—that none but those in whom his godhead shone outwardly and was inwardly felt should ever partake of his triumphs; and I stood and gazed at a distance as unworthy to mingle in so bright a throng; and did not even for a moment wish to tarnish the glory of so fair a vision by being myself admitted into it." Tupper on the same inspiring subject sings:—

"Love:—what a volume in a word, an ocean in a tear,
A seventh heaven in a glance, a whirlwind in a sigh,
The lightning in a touch, a millennium in a moment,
What concentrated joy or woe in blest or blighted love!
For it is that native poetry springing up indigenous to mind,
The heart's own-country music thrilling all its chords,
The story without an end that angels throng to hear,
The word, the king of words, carved on Jehovah's heart!"

By love I understand an undivided, all-absorbing affection for one being, harmonizing with, yet apart from the minor sensibilities of the heart, rising above the grossness of desire, flowing deep, yet quiet, sacrificing all to her who has enslaved the soul, deeming her faultless, and shedding

a softened hue over every object that it embraces, as the sun sheds light and life and glory even on the deformities of nature.

Love, according to modern notions, in which I unfortunately participated, is the heir-loom of youth, the romance of life, when the blood runs riot in the veins, and the imagination is filled with chimeras; and too often proves the *ignis fatuus* of the senses, that lures us to the Slough of Despond.

Never shall I forget my first real passion, when, with the haste that has accompanied me through life, I felt myself not soberly attached, but downright madly in love. My relations feared for my senses, as well they might, if half my protestations and vows had been taken *au pied de la lettre*. Twice I threatened to poison myself, once to plunge into the fast flowing river, or to stab myself in the presence of my inamorata.

Indeed, as my good old nurse once remarked, "Master George will never get over his first love—it's like the smallpox, no one has it a second time."

The object of my boyish devotion, Mary Trevor, was the daughter of a farmer who lived within five miles of Cambridge; graceful in mind and person, she was adorned with every feminine grace that could excite an enduring passion. Mary was all in all to me: wherever she moved, music floated on the breeze, and flowers sprung up beneath her feet. Her looks, her words, her smiles were carefully noted down in the tablets of my memory.

Those halcyon days are gone; Mary lives, but no more for me; she is wiser, I am older, and thus the matter rests. When last I saw her neatly decked in the unobtrusive dress of ancient maidism, I tried to recall the days when her fair brow, now silvered with the hoar frost of age, was ruddy with youth and comeliness; when dimples graced the cheek, now usurped by furrows, and love shone triumphant in those once brilliant eyes, now lustreless and dim. Not even to my "mind's eye" in her presence could I raise up the being whom I had almost worshipped in my youth.

Yet, when alone, can I ever forget the past? No! in the hour of gloom and sadness, when remembrance is most alive, "there comes a voice that awakens my soul—it is the voice of years that are gone, they roll before me with all their might." The form of Mary treads once more the moonlit sands, once more a golden radiance hangs over the vista of the future, music lingers in the air, and the rainbow of promise appears on each cloud.

Alas! alas! the dream is dispelled, and I wake to sad realities.

The news of my departure from Cambridge in due course reached my father. He was displeased at first, but his anger did not last long, and as he was always one of the what's done can't be helped reasoners, in a few weeks I was offered a commission in the army, provided I prepared myself for that profession. To this I readily agreed. I put myself in training with a military tutor, and commenced reading in earnest. And when I say in earnest, I mean it distinctly to be understood that during a three months' devotion to study in a coun-

try place, celebrated for picturesque scenery and pretty girls, my name was never slanderously coupled with either one or the other.

My life at Sandhurst was not such as I can at the present time look back to with satisfaction; a great portion of it was passed in the Black Hole, and in writing impositions, for my propensity for larking was stronger than ever. When not in trouble I was attentive to my studies and drill, and by this means I kept in favour with the authorities.

It may here be remarked, that the examination of candidates for the Army was not a hundredth part so severe as it is at present, and a letter from Doctor Rowcroft urging me in affectionate terms not to sacrifice my future prospects by neglect, and reminding me that his character was partly at stake should I fail to acquit myself properly, produced so sudden an effect upon my mind, that for nearly a month I kept out of mischief. I was rewarded by passing a very fair examination.

"The happiest moment of my life" is a term applied to so many events, according to the nature

and temperament of man and womankind, that it is difficult to define what really constitutes that extreme felicity. The blooming bride and bridegroom pronounce their marriage day as the perfection of earthly bliss; alas! how often do they live to see their fondest hopes blighted by premature death, or, even worse, inconstancy or desertion!

The mother feels unalloyed blessedness at the birth of a child; the warrior the highest state of enjoyment when, after a hard fought contest, he hears the cheer of victory; the lover is in a state of ecstasy when with a blushing look the object of his devotion accepts his proffered heart and hand; the statesman finds few moments more felicitous than those in which he commands the admiration of the senate; the sportsman exults when carrying off the "blue riband of the turf," witnessing the sagacity of his well trained pointers and setters, or killing his fox after a good hunting run; the successful candidate for parliamentary honours when he, after a closely contested election, finds himself at the head of the poll, is transported at the

result; while almost every individual, from the prime minister down to the common council man, declares that moment to be one of the happiest when returning thanks for the manner in which his health has been proposed and received.

Overpowering as may be all the above recorded emotions, I doubt much whether they came up to the rapture I felt when, on perusing the columns of the *Times*, I observed under the head of the gazette—"— Foot, George Carlton, gent., to be ensign with purchase, vice Moreton promoted."

I then passed a few weeks in London, previous to joining my regiment at Winchester.

CHAPTER VI.

"The luxury of Rome will know no end,
For still the less we have, the more we spend."
Dryden's Juvenal.

WHAT are called misfortunes in life, are in general nothing but the necessary consequences of our own foolish or criminal actions. The want of judgment is the source of the greatest part of our miseries; and to excuse ourselves, we commonly throw our fault on some unlucky planet. We are precipitate in our determinations, and conclude that the cause which most suits our inclinations, is the pleasantest if not the best. Did we stop to examine well the consequence of our contemplated

proceeding, we should not be so preposterous as to lay the blame on fortune.

These reflections would arise in my breast, despite of all attempts to smother them; for never for one moment had I thought over the consequence of indulging in the most reckless extravagance, until it was too late to ward off the inevitable result.

When Socrates was asked "which of mortal men was to be accounted the happiest?" he answered, "that man who is in want of the fewest things." Acting upon this principle, I was the most wretched of mortals, for I not only wished for everything I saw, but never allowed my desire to be baulked. Hence my present pecuniary difficulties; hence the duns and bailiffs that surrounded my door.

It is difficult to determine what age was the most perfect in the breed of coxcombs, although every generation believes its own to be the most ridiculous. Whatever were the fops, from the one immortalized by Shakspeare, down to the great *arbiter elegantarium*, Beau Brummel himself,

it is quite impossible they could exceed the dandyism of the days I lived in; dress was the fashion of the time, and I was weak enough to surrender myself to its follies.

Weak did I say?—who is strong enough to resist its sway. Unquestionably, fashion is the most strange, unaccountable despot, that ever led a thoughtless crew of followers into a course of actions, so ridiculous, that sensible people stand aghast when they contemplate their absurdity.

During the time I passed at Cambridge, and Sandhurst, my London tailor's bill had run up to such an extensive amount, that when I called to order my uniforms, a delicate enquiry was made as to when a remittance might be forthcoming. This was followed by presenting me with what Mr. Müller, of the firm of Müller, Shearman, Fitton and Co. was ironically pleased to call "my small account,"—viz, four hundred and fifty pounds, exclusive of five per cent. interest for four years—total, five hundred and forty pounds.

Bills at three, six, nine, twelve, fifteen, and eigh-

23996

teen months date, were given for the book debt, Messrs. Müller and Co. consenting to deduct the interest upon the bills being all duly honoured.

Nor had my extravagances been confined to my tailor's bill, as I discovered, when upon dotting up my bootmaker's, spurmaker's, stationer's, hosier's, hatter's, bookseller's, haberdasher's, job-master's accounts, I found that to discharge them and take up the bills I had been obliged to give, nearly a thousand pounds would be required. The necessity of making some settlement with them was daily becoming more apparent; for to leave my tradesmen for others would produce ill feeling, while to give further orders without some instalment, would tax their confidence too much.

There were only two alternatives left me to have recourse to—the one was to throw myself upon my parent's generosity, the other to borrow money from friends or usurers. After mature reflection, I preferred the latter, and on the spur of the moment proceeded to a gentleman who, though professedly a Christian, was as exhorbitant in his terms, as

strict in his bond, and as vindictive in enforcing its conditions, as any Hebrew could have been, from the time of Shylock down to the present moment.

Mr. Wilby—for such was the money-lender's name—received me with the utmost politeness; but finding that I was a minor, and that my rank in the army was not a sufficient guarantee that the advance would be repaid, referred me to a friend of his at Portsmouth, who he thought not unlikely, especially if I gave him the order for my outfit, to accommodate me with the sum required.

"It would be advisable, Mr. Carlton," said Mr. Wiley, "if you could see Mr. Isaacson yourself, it being better, from the peculiar nature of this transaction, to have it arranged by a personal interview; by to-morrow's post I will communicate with my friend, requesting him to inform you whether he will be at home next week. Here is one of his printed circulars."

The paper handed to me ran as follows:—

"To Embarrassed Debtors.—Money at any

hour, any date, advanced without exposure or extortion, for one, two, or three months, on the bills or promissory notes of officers, collegians, gentlemen of property, or by way of post-obit, or mortgage on legacies or property derived under wills or settlements. Moderate charges, reversions purchased, and advances made during the progress of sale. Apply to Lewis Isaacson, High Street, Portsmouth."

After reading this precious document, Mr. Wiley proceeded:

"In the meantime, if you are in immediate want of money, I shall be happy to cash your bill for a hundred pounds, payable in twelve months."

Pen, ink, paper, and stamps were sent for, and before I left the usurer's office I had given my name for the above sum, of which I received eighty pounds. It is extraordinary how quickly the affairs of gentlemen in difficulties are made known to their creditors, and to the money-lending fraternity. Within twenty-four hours it was rumoured about town that I was in the hands of the Jews. The result was, that some of those to whom

I was indebted became clamorous, writs were issued against me, and I hourly ran the risk of being tapped on the shoulder by a sheriff's officer, or one of his followers, for they were in active pursuit, and it required the greatest tact and acuteness to elude their vigilance.

Having outwitted them on many occasions, I felt myself so elated, that discretion forsook me, and I as usual frequented places of public amusement. One eventful day, a balloon ascent was to take place from Vauxhall Gardens, and I incautiously repaired to that scene of gaiety. It was a lovely summer's evening, and even the decayed old trees and the sunburnt grass looked cheerful, as a crowd assembled round the enclosed spot where the huge silken monster was to be inflated. The charge for an aerial visit was five-and-twenty guineas, but as few persons seemed anxious to pay thus highly for the chance of losing their lives, the seats (as the phrase goes) "went begging."

Just as "the intrepid aeronaut," dressed in a half nautical costume, blue jacket and trousers,

with a gold-laced cap, had got into the car, which reminded one of a gaudily-decked cradle, and the men were about to loosen the ropes, my old friend Darley hastily approached me.

"It's all up!" said he; "you will be done to a tinder; Absalom is in the gardens, and his men are at the gates. To escape is impossible!"

"What's to be done?" I anxiously enquired.

"That's difficult to say," he replied, "for I heard the Jew assert, 'he vould bet any shum of monish he had you now.'"

A thought came across me.

"Well," I continued, "if I'm not safe on *terrâ firmâ*, I'll try what the air will do for me. Ask Brown to give me a seat."

Darley caught the idea, and being not only very fluent, but possessing a vast amount of exaggeration, lost no time in informing the genius of the balloon that a well-known gentleman, who had great influence in the fashionable and literary world—Billy, as he was familiarly called, always embroidered a little—would honour him with his

company. Delighted at the idea of having a companion, who, as he termed it, was a "a nob," Mr. Brown graciously acquiesced, and, at a signal from Darley, I passed the barrier, jumped into the car, gave the word "all right," and, with flags in hand, and hats off, we shot up into the air, amidst the huzzas and shouts of the assembled multitude.

The sheriff's officer was too busy in watching the principal exit to notice me, or a post-chaise might have been put into requisition to follow the track of the balloon.

Flushed with success, I gave way to my natural flow of spirits, much to the delight of my newly-formed acquaintance, who declared "he had never sat by a more agreeable gentleman," and we were at least five miles south-east of London before Mr. Brown thought of his descent.

"You see that spot?" said he, "we call that Cocking's Field, it's the place where he was unfortunately killed when he descended in the parachute."

This remark rather upset me, for, although my temperament was not a nervous one, I always had

a dread of a descent from so unwieldy a machine as the one I was in. I had read of grappling irons failing to lay hold of the ground; I had heard of the "hollow, silken, aeriform inflated ball" spiking itself on some sharp substance, or falling on some house-roof, amidst tiles and chimney-pots; I had been told of its leaving its native element of air for water; and while reflecting on these chances, and speculating whether a living incarcerated being in Absalom's spunging house was not better than a dead or maimed free man, my companion commenced operations.

"Turning off the gas," we gradually approached mother earth. As usual, upon such occasions, a crowd of farm-labourers and idlers had followed our track, and were ready with sturdy arms and gallant hearts to aid us in our descent.

"Be sure to hold fast by the rail," said my companion, "for when we strike the ground there may be a rebound."

We were now within a few yards of a meadow near Eltham.

"That will do," said Mr. Brown. "Seize the ropes, my fine fellows," he continued.

Six stalwart men in smock-frocks caught hold of them.

"Gently, gently—now, sir, descend."

In a second I was on my feet, the car was unfixed, the huge monster, that I had lately quitted, became every moment more tractable, until at last, its strength being exhausted, it laid down motionless.

To say that we were objects of admiration to the farmers, their wives, and the lads and lassies assembled, is far from doing justice to the impression we created. Refreshments were offered, carts to take back the balloon were tendered, and jugs of ale were brought out to us thirsty souls. The ovation, though from the unsophisticated, was most gratifying to our feelings; yet, as a faithful biographer, I am bound to add that Brown, with his gold-laced cap, appeared a greater object of attention than my humble self.

A chaise having been sent for, my companion re-

turned to "the royal property," while I, under the pretence of indisposition, on reaching London, stealthily sought my lodgings, fancying a bailiff in every man I met or passed.

CHAPTER VII.

"Come listen to my story,
Now seated in my glory,
We make no longer stay;
A bottle of good sherry
Has made us all quite merry,
Let Momus rule the day;
We hearty all and well are,
Drive to the 'White Horse' cellar."

Mail-Coach Song.

THERE was something in the nature of a stage-coachman, a whip of by-gone days, that *smacked* (we mean no pun) of conscious importance. He was the elect of the road on which he travelled, the imitated of thousands. Talk of an absolute monarch, indeed!—the monarch even on his own

highway was but a gingerbread one to the "swell dragsman." To him John the ostler rushed in servile eagerness, to him Boniface shewed the utmost deference, for him the landlady ever had a smiling reception, towards him the barmaid smiled and glanced in perpetual amicability, and around him the helpers crowded as to the service of a feudal lord.

Survey him as he bowled along the road, fenced in coats in winter, or his button-hole decorated with a rose in summer. Listen to the untutored melody of his voice, as he directed the word of exhortation to his spanking tits—three chestnuts and a grey, and enforced his doctrine with a silver-mounted whip, the gift of some aristocratic Jehu of the day; and he will present a feature of social life in England which no other country possessed.

Hark! already he is entering the village, the well-known horn sounds, the leaders rattle along the road, and the inhabitants rush out to bid him hearty welcome. To some he grants a familiar nod, to others a smile of recognition, and a few

only are honoured by the warmer salutation of "Ah! how are you, old fellow?—glad to see you. Why, you are as fresh as paint!"

He was regarded by all as a privileged person, being possessed of the power to speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul, and, at the rate of eight miles an hour, bring the travelled husband to the partner of his sorrow and his joy. He could transport the lover to the feet of his mistress; he could convey the long absent son to the arms of his doting parents; he could bear the schoolboy from the scene of his tasks to his much sought for happy holiday home.

How delightful was it to behold him on a calm summer's evening bowling through the market town, in a crowd of dust, with a crew of ragged urchins, screaming, and throwing rural bouquets, culled from the hedge-rows and verdant meadows, on to the box seat.

A smile is on every face on hearing the sound of the horn—all run to the door to see the coach go by; the maidservant drops her mop, in the

hope of a packet from her rustic admirer; the youngster plays truant for a few seconds, in the anticipation of a cake from his too indulgent mother; the shopkeeper quits his counter to ascertain whether a bale of goods has been consigned to him from the metropolis; the pot-boy from the public-house holds out his rabbit-skin cap, as the guard dexterously throws the neighbouring squire's daily newspaper into it; the barber extends his apron for his weekly journal, and even the parson, the pedagogue, the lawyer, and the excise-man, the four most influential inhabitants of the place, doff their hats as they recognise the popular dragsman and his well-appointed "turn out."

With respect to his accomplishments, they were usually more select than numerous. We speak of the professional coachman of half a century ago, and not of the talented amateurs who came into fashion just before the rail drove horse-flesh off the road. If his language had not the wit of a Sydney Smith, it had the easy style of nature, with expletive beauties more particularly its own. On the

Shakesperian principle, that "discourse is heavy fasting," the "whip" never changed horses at a wayside public or inn, without fortifying his stomach with a snack. Flowing, natural, anecdotal, and oftentimes witty, garnished with a few hearty national attic anathemas, was the conversation of the coachman, while in the science of music he was generally no mean proficient.

I have been led into making these remarks on a subject often treated by me, by the remembrance of a journey, the object of which was to raise the loan already referred to. It was spring, when May appears, or used to appear, clad in a robe of white and green, embroidered with daffodillies, hawthorn-blossoms, and blue-bells; and the doors and windows of every cottage were adorned with nosegays. The west wind was abroad among the woods, the stream sang sweetly as it flowed, and the birds warbled forth their melodious songs—in less imaginative language, it was a bright fine spring morning, so bright that even the old trees in the then-neglected Green Park looked gay, as,

seated on the box of the "Telegraph" coach, I started on my journey to Portsmouth.

"You'll pull up at the first turnpike," said the guard, addressing the coachman, "I've one outside and one inside booked to take up there—they sent their luggage on."

This remark he made with a sneer, as he pointed to a small trunk, whose covering showed unmistakeable evidence of age, giving it much the look of a worn-out scrubbing-brush.

"All right," responded the driver, by whose side, in consideration of half-a-crown given to the ostler, I was seated. After rattling along Piccadilly, we approached the gate, then in existence close to Apsley House, and there beheld two persons, one a man of perhaps forty years of age, the other a young girl of about eighteen; care and grief had evidently furrowed the countenance of the former, while a certain pensive look, despite the roses and lilies which graced the cheeks of the latter, showed too plainly that she had not been entirely free from sorrow.

The vacant seat outside happened to be immediately behind mine, and after a few remarks about the weather and the roads, I commenced a conversation with the man. Unlike the generality of Englishmen, he discoursed with agreeable readiness, pointed out, as we journeyed along, the most remarkable features of the country, and commented upon the public topics of the day in a manner that at once proved his mind to be of no mean capacity. I soon entered into companionship with him; and by the time we pulled up at Kingston we were quite friends.

"Twenty minutes allowed here, gentlemen, for dinner," exclaimed the coachman of the "Telegraph," as we drove up to the "King's Arms," Godalming.

What a scene of confusion ensued!—bells ringing, ostlers hallooing, waiters running, chambermaids smirking, landlady curtseying, barmaid ogling.

"Please to alight, ladies and gentlemen," said the portly landlord, addressing the four "insides;"

whilst a helper, bringing a somewhat crazy ladder, made a similar request to the twelve "outsides."

The day, which had commenced brilliantly, had turned out miserable—incessant rain, with a cold wind which had shifted to the east, drew forth the stereotyped coaching facetious remarks upon "heavy wet," and "cold without." The passengers, after some little time lost in descending from the vehicle, entered the best parlour, called the "sceptre," anticipating a warm reception, and those creature comforts which all travellers (especially coach travellers) look forward to; but here they discovered that every seat was occupied, while a table-cloth, covered with fragments of bread, pigeon pies, cheese, biscuits, and celery, and a tray of empty glasses, bottles and jugs, exhibited evident symptoms of another dinner having recently taken place.

"Waiter! waiter!" shouted half a dozen voices.

A slip-shod serving man, with a seedy black coat and trousers, a faded white waistcoat, and soiled neckcloth, entered.

"Where's the dinner?" exclaimed the drenched half-starved new-comers.

"Beg pardon, gentlemen, the 'Regulator' was rather late to-day—'Telegraph' up early."

This was sufficient explanation. Suddenly entered a stout man, encased in a huge caped drab overcoat, in those days called an "upper Benjamin," and a low-crowned hat.

"Gentlemen, time's up for the 'Regulator.'"

Then commenced the process of cloaking, shawling, greatcoating, and paying, interspersed with a variety of ejaculations and commentaries.

The "Jehu" on the box and his well-bred "tits" were impatient. After sundry anathemas from the "outsides" against the ostler for allowing the seats to get drenched, and a call for dry straw, there was heard the customary precaution,

"Sit fast."

"All right," was answered. Then the "dragsman," calling to the helpers, who stood ready to remove the cloths, "Let 'em go, Bill—I has 'em,"

the "Regulator" departed at a rattling trot.

The "Telegraph" company now took possession of the table; and ten minutes from the time of their arrival having elapsed, the landlady entered, followed by waiters, and a few louty urchins under tuition, bearing tureens and dishes with tin covers. The latter, when removed, displayed scalding hot soup *maigre*, a coarse fat leg of mutton, an unusually tough beef-steak, potatoes, hot without and hard within, gritty cabbages, and unboiled cauliflower.

The meal proceeded, in a rough-and-ready fashion, not easily imagined nowadays.

"*Tempus fugit*," especially time devoted to pleasure, and no one of the party seemed to be aware how fast the glass had run, until the coachman came to inform them, that there worn't a minute to spare, and that he went no further!

Up started a passenger, with his mouth full.

"Coachman, the time cannot be up—I have not eaten a morsel!"

"Full twenty minutes, sir," replied the other.

"Abominable!" continued the first speaker.

"Disgraceful!" shouted a second.

"A regular imposition!" chimed in a third.

Then began another scene of bustle and confusion—scramblings for greatcoats, cloaks, boas, shawls, muffs, hats, caps, umbrellas, sticks, and ringing for waiters to bring brandy and water "that had been ordered ten minutes before."

Then, when half-crowns or shillings were tendered to the coachman, who had finished his day's work, of course he never "had such a thing as change."

Another summons, "The 'Telegraph' just going off," when, lo! the waiter appears with a tray, containing "one cold without," "four hots with," "two hots, sugar and no fruit," and "three with the chill off."

Fortunate, indeed, was the owner of the cold beverage, for no one but a regular fire-eater could have swallowed the scalding potations, which, as a matter of course, were left untouched, as per-

quisites to the fraternity of "Coming, sirs."

The passengers having resumed their seats, away dashed the "Telegraph," at the rate of six miles an hour.

We had not proceeded far, when the keeper of a turnpike-gate informed the driver that, owing to the recent floods, a bridge, the name of which I have forgotten, had been carried away. No alternative remained but to make an attempt through an almost impassable cross-country road, or return to the town we had lately left, to remain until a temporary bridge could be erected. The question was put to the vote, and the latter suggestion was carried, *nem con.*

The evening was passed in mirth and good-humour, for an excellent supper, with a bowl of "bishop," amply made up for a bad dinner and scanty draughts. The conversation became animated; and roads, coaches, horses, and farming, were jumbled up together.

When the latter subject was mentioned, a countryman dropped his spoon in his glass, and left

a bumper of port-negus untouched, to unburthen his mind.

"In my early days," said he, "farmers were farmers. It was,

"'Man to the plough,
Wife to the cow,
Girl to the sow,
Boy to the mow,
And your rents were netted.'

Now it's

"'Man, tally-ho!
Miss, pi-a-no,
Wife, silk and satin,
Boy, Greek and Latin,
And all are gazetted.'

Ah! those were the good old times!—when a man was allowed ample time to enjoy a comfortable coach-dinner!"

During the scramble at dinner, my fellow-traveller, Mr. Hindley (for such I found to be his name) had requested the landlady to take charge of his daughter Clara, who was evidently in weak health, and it was only in handing her to the coach that I had an opportunity of being introduced to

her. She was a blonde, with eyes that the poets have much too often compared to the gazelle. Her figure, too, appeared faultless, and her voice the most musical I ever heard.

Understanding that father and daughter were proceeding to Cowes, I, as a matter of course, changed my plan of remaining at Portsmouth, with a view of accompanying my new acquaintances to the Isle of Wight.

"How strange!" I exclaimed, with ready imagination, "that my destination should be Cowes. I have engaged a boat, and, should the steamer be gone, it will give me great pleasure to give Miss Hindley and yourself a passage. Upon our arrival at Portsmouth, I have a few minutes' business with my agent, but will not detain you long."

My offer was gratefully accepted, and before Hindley had expressed his thanks, the sun had set, but his last lingering rays still illumined the bright expanse of ocean, that lay in flowing splendour before us. As we approached nearer the town, the whole magnificence of the landscape

burst full upon our eyes. The countless fleets at Spithead; Gosport, with its forest of masts; and Portsmouth, with its massive fortifications, frowned darkly in the distance. A fine sweep of coast, with the blue headlands of the Isle of Wight, increased the beauty of the panorama.

Our last stage was now terminated. Already we passed the outer gate at Portsmouth, trotted over its iron drawbridge, at a much greater rate than sanctioned by the authorities, and heard the evening gun fire from the *Victory*.

As we came within sight of the harbour, the standard of England was flying from the *Royal Sovereign* yacht. King George IV. was on board, and the convoy were in busy preparation for the projected excursion to Ireland.

At this instant the discharge of twenty-one pieces of ordnance shook the grey bastions of the town. All Portsmouth seemed flocking to the harbour, so, when the coach stopped, finding that the steam-packet had sailed, I ordered a fly, and proceeded, first to Mr. Isaacson, with whom I

made an appointment for the following day, and from whom I borrowed five-and-twenty pounds on a bill, and then to the sally port, where, under pretence of seeking the boat I had engaged, I made arrangements with the owner of a wherry, who had brought a party over from Cowes, to take the Hindleys and myself back to that lovely and romantic spot; for such it was in the days before the mania for building had converted this rural fishing village into a populous, fashionable town.

CHAPTER VIII.

"What cannot resignation do?
It wonders can perform;
That powerful charm, 'Thy will be done,'
Can lay the loudest storm."

YOUNG.

IT was the saying of Seneca, "That a good man struggling against misfortunes is a sight" (as he expresses it) "worthy the gods to behold;" for, indeed, true greatness and magnanimity of soul consists in weathering the storms of life like a rational being, and not meanly withdrawing from them like a coward. Our earthly progress is chequered with such a variety of ills, that it would be folly in any to expect exemption from them;

moreover, these adversities rise not out of the dust, but are ordained by the same goodness that warns us against fixing our happiness upon the pleasures of a sublunary world.

These thoughts had happily induced Mark Hindley to bear the adversities of life with becoming resignation, and to own the truth of the axiom, "Whatever is, is right." In all calamities he relied upon Providence, and soon became reconciled to his fate. After losing a loved and loving wife, he felt that he owed a duty to the living, and that nothing but change of air and scene could restore his daughter's health. To carry out this object he parted with a small freehold in the suburbs of London, and decided upon passing at least the summer and autumn at Cowes; and happily, or unhappily, as the sequel will show, I met him upon the morning on which he commenced carrying his plan into operation.

Although piety and resignation to the will of that Being who disposes all events which happen in this world, had induced the now forlorn widower

and the attached daughter to bear the calamity which had befallen them with an appearance of composure, yet so debilitated were the frames of both—the result of days and nights of anxious watching and attention—and so poignantly did they feel their bereavement, that for the first few days after our arrival in the island, I did not even get a glimpse of the fair girl who now haunted my thoughts; and rarely was I able to exchange salutations with her father.

An event, however, shortly occurred, which brought about the nearer intimacy so ardently desired. Sea-breezes being recommended to the younger invalid, I lost no time in possessing myself of a yacht, which I hired by the week; and many a delightful cruise did we have in the 'Maid of the Mist,' to Southampton, Ryde, the Needles, and round the island.

Upon one occasion, in consequence of an accident that had befallen the cutter, by which her bulwark was stove in, I left the vessel in the Southampton docks to be repaired, and Hindley, his

daughter, and myself took advantage of a beautiful morning in June to cross over to Hythe, and from thence to proceed in an open carriage to Lymington, where Inman had a schooner on the stocks for one of my friends. I had ordered my captain to have a new gig which had lately been built for me to be in readiness towards six in the afternoon, it being our intention to return and dine on board the yacht. At that hour we seated ourselves in the boat, which immediately got under weigh, and stood straight across the Solent for the entrance of the tidal dock on the opposite side.

Hintley sat in the stern sheets at the helm, his daughter and myself were on the windward side, while my captain and two men were forward. There was a strong wind blowing from the south-west, which, under the lee of the hills on the Hythe side, was scarcely felt at all. We had a lug-sail set, double-reefed, and during the run across, the gig, though wet, behaved very well.

As we neared the opposite side, and the land

opened out, the squall increased fearfully, the sky became suddenly overcast, the waves were white and turgid, and our frail bark began to pitch and yaw about. For some minutes she bore stoutly up, sending the foam from her bows; but upon approaching the docks, the tide, which was very high, and just beginning to set out against the wind, made a chopping dangerous sea, that appeared to get worse every moment.

"Stand by, with the halyards!" exclaimed our steersman, in a voice that showed he was accustomed to command; "lower away the sail!"

The order was instantaneously obeyed; but as both the canvas and halyards were wet through, neither moved freely, and, from a hitch in the run, the sail stuck fast. The rest occurred in a second: the gig had still way enough on her to take her abreast of the opening of the docks, when a strong counter-eddy of wind struck her on the opposite tack, the sails jibed, and she capsized.

Who can describe the horror of the scene! At the first moment all on board went down together,

but almost immediately afterwards rose to the surface. Being a tolerably expert swimmer, I struck out, and laid hold of Miss Hindley, while her father called out to me to make for the boat, which was now keel uppermost. This injunction, given in a cool and collected manner, was instantly obeyed, and seizing the boat, I made a desperate attempt to right her; but it was so filled with water, that when I had partly succeeded, she went over again. Holding on by the weather-side of the gunwale, I remained until a boat that had been lowered from a merchantman picked us up.

"And my dear father?" exclaimed Clara, as consciousness was beginning to be restored, and she found herself on the deck of my yacht, with a medical man on one side and myself on the other.

"Thank God," I rejoined, "he is safe and well; he is doing his best, with the surgeon of a West India packet, to restore animation to poor Miller, who is in a most precarious state. How any of us escaped an untimely death is a miracle;

a minute later and all would have met with a watery grave."

After breathing forth a fervent thanksgiving to the Almighty for the mercies He had graciously conferred upon us, the young lady was removed to the after cabin of the cutter, where she was joined by Mr. Hindley, and in less than an hour I had the unspeakable satisfaction of communicating to them the happy tidings that Miller had been brought to life, and all were doing well.

From that moment Hindley threw aside all reserve, and, as the preserver of his daughter's life, opened his entire heart to me.

"My history," said he, "can be better gleaned from a manuscript which I will place in your hands, than by a verbal recital of it; it was written by a friend to whom I furnished the particulars, with a view to publication. Had it appeared in print, fictitious names would have, as a matter of course, been introduced, but my friend died before he had completed his task, and all that he had written came into my possession. The main points are

strictly true, but they have been worked up a little, to render them more entertaining.

"Do not accuse me of egotism," he added, "in asking you to peruse the manuscript, but there are subjects touched upon, which would harrow up my feelings were I to allude to them. You will see"—here he suddenly burst into tears—"what a perfect being I lost in my dear departed wife."

Thanking him for the confidence he had placed in me, I anxiously seized the work, and never took my eyes off the pages until I had read every line.

As Sir James Mackintosh said of Madame de Staël's best work, "I swallowed it slowly, that I might taste every drop." And here I cannot refrain from quoting an extract I find in my common-place book from an author whose name has escaped me, and which is peculiarly appropriate.

"It seems to me singular that among all the elegancies of sentiment for which the age is remarkable, no one should have ever thought of

writing a book upon reading. The refinements of the true epicure in books are surely as various as those of the gastronome and the opium eater. The great population read, as they eat, for hunger. I do not consider them readers. The true secret of the thing is no more adapted to their comprehension than the sublimations of Ude for the taste of a day labourer. The refined reading taste, like the palate of gourmanderie, must have got beyond appetite, gross appetite. Much depends upon the mood in which you come to a book; it ought to vibrate to the tones of the mind with a harmony. To go abroad at night, and admit all the holy influences of the hour, stillness, and purity, and balm, and then come in with bathed and refreshed senses, and a temper of as clear joyfulness as the soaring lark, and sit down to Byron or the divine Corinne, has seemed to me a harmony of delight almost too heavenly to be human.

"The great secret of such pleasure is sympathy. You must climb to the Eagle Poet's eyrie; you must have senses like his, for the music that is only

audible to the fine ear of thought, and the beauty that is visible only to the spirit eye of a clear and for the time unpolluted fancy. The stamp and pressure of the magician's own time and season must be upon you. Napoleon I. felt this; it was his habit, after a battle, to read Ossian."

Since this rhapsody was written, taste in reading has taken a very different direction. Nobody thinks of Corinne, and Ossian is pooh-poohed; but, compared to much of what is called sensational writing, the phraseology of De Staël and Macpherson is in the highest degree intellectual.

But I have taken up a thread which, unlike that of Penelope, lengthens as I unravel it; it must be cut at once, as my readers, I hope, feel some little curiosity to become acquainted with the promised narrative.

As truthful biographers, we must introduce our readers to a most humble tenement in a narrow obscure street, near the docks, at Liverpool. It has long since disappeared before the progress of

improvement; but at the commencement of our story it was an ill-ventilated, over-crowded lodging-house, principally occupied by Irish labourers, strangers from the United States, and men employed in menial offices about the shipping.

On a small board was very rudely traced, in almost unintelligible characters,

"GOOD ACCOMMODATION FOR TRAVELLERS;"

but a more wretched attempt to administer to the creature comforts could not be imagined. The street door creaked on its rusty hinges, as a strong north-wester rushed through the confined space, and all attempts to close it proved futile, from the number of times it had been burst open at night, upon occasions when some inebriated lodger had in vain tried to find the bell.

"Sporting the oak," if such a classical phrase can be applied to a few coarse deal-boards fastened together, seemed to have been the favourite pastime of Mr. Sullivan's visitors.

The staircase was steep, narrow, and dark, and the balusters that remained were scarcely strong

enough to support the hand-rail, the principal ones having been used for fire-wood, or weapons of defence, when "shillalahs" had been suddenly called for to quell a Donnybrook fair species of riot very common in that neighbourhood.

The rooms were quite in character with the rest of the building, and contained beds of unspeakable filth, a rickety table, broken chairs, and a diminutive grate; the walls and ceiling, were begrimed with soot and dirt, the glassless windows were stuffed with old hats, paper, and woollen rags; a kitchen, common to all, boasted of a very primitive range, a damaged gridiron, and a leaky boiler, typical in no small degree of the "broils" and the "hot water" in which (we speak physically) the inmates were too often involved.

In a back attic on the fourth floor, with nothing between it and the sky, except the plastered inner covering, and the damaged tiled-roof no longer impervious to the "pelting of the pitiless storm," lay extended a female form on a pallet of straw. By her side knelt a man, who, although he had not

yet seen twenty summers, appeared to have lived nearly double that age. His deep-sunken eye, his furrowed cheeks, his pallid countenance, formed a strong contrast to his well-formed limbs and raven black hair.

"Susan," said he, in a voice trembling with emotion, "the doctor will soon be here. I was fortunate enough to find Captain Colmore on board, and he, Heaven reward him for his kindness! lost no time in writing a line to a medical friend in Abercromby Square, who, on receiving the letter, promised that he would be with you in less than an hour."

"Bless you! bless you, my dear Mark," was the only reply the invalid made.

"But we must tidy up a bit," continued Hindley, as he arranged the scanty articles of furniture, and poked a fire, which went hissing on as the snow descended the ill-constructed chimney.

"I must now go downstairs to usher our visitor up," he proceeded, trying to force a smile, "or he will, I fear, be himself in want of a surgeon

to set a broken limb, for the steps are like ice."

Bidding the youthful partner of his joys and sorrows good-bye for the moment, Mark cautiously descended, and, wrapped in a pilot cloth coat, awaited the arrival of Dr. Jones, as he was called, a general practitioner, who had formerly been assistant-surgeon to an East Indiaman, but who, having come into a tolerable good fortune with his wife, preferred serving *per terram* to *per mare.*

The snow fell in heavy flakes, and Hindley had just began to bear the resemblance of a minor avalanche, when a car drove up to the door, evidently to the disgust of the driver, who declared it would be quite *on*possible to turn in so narrow a compass.

From this conveyance a gentleman hastily descended, and was about to ask for Sullivan's house, when he recognised the bearer of Captain Colmore's note.

"This way, if you please, sir," said Mark, as he thrust his way through an assemblage of low-bred rabble, who had taken shelter in the door-way, for

the purpose of indulging in the coarsest jokes and strongest tobacco.

Hindley's movements were as Herculean as his frame, and an opening being made, he and his companion groped their way upstairs.

Presently a female entered, with the unmistakeable look and appearance of a monthly nurse.

Mark was now directed to leave the room, and to remain below until he was sent for; but no human power could have dragged him from the floor on which his beloved wife was suffering. In closing the door after quitting the apartment, he clutched the handle.

The whistling of the wind, the sound of quarrelling in an adjacent room, the noise of drunken revellers, and the rumbling of heavy-laden waggons, were all the sounds he could distinguish. At last a feeble cry was heard during the lull of the warring elements, and Hindley, no longer able to restrain his feelings, rushed into the room.

Dr. Jones, refusing the offered fee, at the risk of his neck made his way along as intricate a pas-

sage as he had ever been piloted through during a service of ten years between England and Calcutta.

Mark Hindley had been brought up by a wealthy baronet in the west of England, who, as it was generally understood, had been the college friend of his father, Captain Hindley. This officer after serving throughout the war in the East, had fallen a victim to the pestilential clime of the West Indies. Of his mother little was known. It was supposed she had died in childbed, and that the orphan had been immediately removed to Pembury Manor House, the seat of Sir Archibald Wilmer, who had received a death-bed request from the dying soldier to protect his penniless child.

Sir Archibald was a fine specimen of the old country gentleman, fully realizing the character given of him by Addison and other writers, both in prose and verse. In early life he had not been exempt from the licentiousness of the days of the Regency, and having been a constant guest at the luxurious temple of that modern Heliogabalus, at

Brighton, had imbibed a taste for the immoralities there prevailing.

Sir Archibald soon realized the truth of the saying respecting the inconstancy of princes. Rumour assigned a variety of causes for the sudden break up of a long and intimate intercourse; among others, that the baronet had supplanted the heir to the throne in the affections of a low-born country beauty; but as the fickleness of the "Rising Sun" was known to all, the absence of Wilmer from Carlton House, and the Chinese Temple of Folly at Brighton, only proved a ten days' wonder.

After "sowing his wild oats," Sir Archibald set to work to do his duty as a country gentleman. He took his name out of Brook's Club, and was admitted into "Boodle's." He gave up irrigating his own "clay" with "potations pottle deep," and moistened that of his land with a less potent liquid. He patronized agricultural pursuits; and the only "rakes" that were to be found at Pembury Manor House were in the hay-field. Instead of laying

out hundreds on "Sancho," "Pavilion," or "Escape," the baronet contented himself with wagering a new hat, or "a rump and dozen," on some hunter's stakes in his neighbourhood.

A fustian shooting-jacket, made by the rural Stultz, had superseded the blue and buff lined coat of the Regent; while a pair of loose brown cords and gaiters had replaced the tight leather-pantaloons and Hessian-boots, then in vogue among the exclusives; and last, not least, the "Cynthia of the hour" had made way for a tie of a more binding nature—the dissipated *roué* was transformed into the steady married man.

The lady upon whom Sir Archibald had set his affections, proved a very different being after marriage to what she had appeared before. She was the only daughter of a retired physician, who had accumulated a large fortune in India; and Beatrice, the "sole daughter of his house and heart," was universally looked upon as an heiress.

We must, however, do the worthy baronet the justice to say, that no sordid views had influenced

his conduct in paying his addresses to Miss Hewetson. He loved her for herself, and fancied he saw, in her kind, unaffected, and innocent manner, the qualities worthy of his choice.

Appearances, however, are rarely trustworthy. Miss Hewetson had been "brought out," according to the fashionable phrase, at Calcutta, and had made dreadful havoc among the cadets. From the City of Palaces she proceeded to Gibraltar, where she became the belle of the Rock, flirting with all who were doomed to be chained to it, from the Governor down to the youngest ensign.

Brighton was next the scene of her triumphs, where she appeared in quite a different character —that of an unsophisticated country girl; and as, at this time, trains did not carry the million to this aristocratic watering-place and back for half-a-crown, the earlier career of the garrison beauty was unknown.

The unexpected arrival of a regiment of the line in the neighbourhood, from the strong Medi-

terranean fortress, equally impregnable as the heart of Miss Hewetson, caused her much anxiety, for in this very corps two infatuated ensigns had exchanged shots, in consequence of a dispute at a ball as to who was to dance "Sir Roger de Coverley" with the captivating Beatrice. As a matter of course, the cause of the hostile meeting was greatly exaggerated; Miss Hewetson's conduct, in exposing the lives of the gallant youths, was loudly condemned, especially by prudes and elderly spinsters, and the duello furnished a topic of conversation for more than a month in the garrison of Gibraltar.

A letter to Beatrice from one of her military Dante's announcing his approaching arrival at Brighton, decided the movements of this heartless coquette; and calling her powerful mind to her aid, she at once determined to conquer Sir Archibald, who, to adopt a piscatorial phrase, had "nibbled" at the alluring bait held out.

A pic-nic at the Devil's Dyke brought affairs to a crisis. And poor dear Mrs. Hewetson, who was

a terrible hypochondriac, was awoke late one night out of a deep slumber, to be informed by her daughter that she had accepted the hand of the baronet.

"Mamma, old Archy's popped the question, and I've not had the heart to say 'no.'"

A slight reprimand to her "giddy, giddy girl," and an extra dose of camphor julep, soon sent the mother to sleep; while the daughter devoted a long weary hour to selecting all the *billet doux*, faded flowers, purses, fans, and other love tokens, which she returned in the morning, with an appropriate note, to Ensign Hatherton, urging him to think no more of one who had become the affianced bride of another; but who would never forget the happy hours she had passed with him on the Almeida, at pic-nics in the Cork Wood, at the festas at Algesiras, during her sojourn at the Rock.

As soon as the settlements could be made, and the *trousseau* completed, the marriage took place at the village church at Pembury. It went

off as most weddings do, amidst the tears of the bride, the hysteric sobs of the bride's mother, the congratulations of the bridesmaids, and hearty wishes of the bridegroom's best man.

The path to the old ivy-clad porch was strewed with flowers; and the charity children sang an ode composed for the happy occasion. A wedding-breakfast was provided at the Manor House, where the generally-adopted stereotyped speeches and jokes were uttered by the clergyman, and the eldest bachelor in the room, embracing the whole duties of married life, and a hint to the single to enter into the rosy fetters of Hymen at the first favourable occasion.

After the usual toasts had been given and responded to, the blushing bride retired to exchange her Valenciennes lace dress for a more suitable travelling attire; and the carriage being announced, Sir Archibald and Lady Wilmer took leave of their guests, and were speedily driven off to Dr. Hewetson's marine villa at Worthing, to pass that period which, according to the dramatist, is,

"To fools a torment, but a lasting boon
To those who wisely keep their honeymoon."

We must now, with our reader's permission, draw on our seven-league boots, and bring them back to the Manor House, nearly a quarter of a century after the event just recorded. We do not fill up the intermediate time, because it would be a painful task to unmask the machination of the artful woman, who for so many years had ruled Sir Archibald. Suffice it to say, her life was one of deception and meanness. To such an extent did she carry her avaricious propensities, that she soon gained the title of Mother Elwes, at that period a name proverbial for miserly conduct.

Lady Wilmer had borne Sir Archibald one son and two daughters, and the bone of contention between the unloving couple was the adoption of Mark Hindley, who, at the early age of four years, had found a shelter in the house of his father's friend.

The poor orphan was subject to every sort of slight and insult from the imperious dame who reigned

supreme at the Manor House—his poverty, his dependence upon the bounty of Sir Archibald, his mother's humble origin, were all thrown in his face, and it was with the greatest difficulty that he bore up against the annoyances that met him almost every moment of the day.

Nor was the heir-apparent free from his mother's prejudices; he seemed to have imbibed her nature from the breast. His childhood was passed in scratching and pinching, and his boyhood in quarrels, when one day an event occurred which completely changed the destiny of our hero.

A cricket-match was to take place in the park, and Mark had been selected on the Pembury side, who were to try their prowess against the men of Kent. This gave great umbrage to young Archibald Wilmer, who, as future owner of the property, thought his claim greater than that of the orphan, quite forgetting that the heirship of a baronetage does not always involve his being a good player at this manly English game.

Hindley had scored five-and-thirty in the first

innings, and was resting himself under a tree, when his tormentor, followed by two congenial spirits, commenced a series of rude practical jokes, which, however amusing they might be to the perpetrators, were not equally so to the persecuted. Mark for some time bore them with good humour and patience; but there is a limit to all things, and when a cricket-ball was thrown violently at his shins, he warned the offender not to renew so unjustifiable an attack.

A shout of laughter, accompanied with the most offensive and provoking epithets, was the only reply the bullies gave; and Hindley, bat in hand, rose from his reclining posture, to seek the tent, and thus escape from the taunts which were arousing a strong feeling of anger in his breast.

"Mind yourself, Master Pauper!" exclaimed Archibald, in an irritating tone.

"Look out, Workhouse," chimed in the chum, as the former again hurled the ball at Mark's uncovered head.

Raising his bat, he, with a violent back-hander,

succeeded in averting the blow; hitting the heavy leathern missile at random, it flew like a round-shot out of a twelve-pounder, striking the brow of the cause of this mischief. A sudden cry and a heavy fall soon shewed that the blow had proved fatal, and the youth was conveyed to the Manor House a lifeless corps.

From this moment Hindley's life was almost insupportable. Lady Wilmer accused him of malice prepense; the country neighbours, who had received a garbled statement of the facts of the case, joined in the cry, and Mark had the reputation of a second Cain.

He had one consolation, and this was derived from a girl to whom he was attached. Deeply as he felt the pang caused by having sent a human being, he feared, unprepared, to meet his Creator, his conscience acquitted him of any premeditated crime.

"Let us, dearest Susan, leave this hateful country; the small fortune that was left me by my father will procure us a home in some far

distant country, where no cause can exist likely to render those we associate with half so barbarous or treacherous as the people who surround us here."

This impassioned appeal was made to a girl of eighteen, the daughter of an honest yeoman. She resided with her parents in one of those snug homesteads peculiar to our land.

"Your father and mother can accompany us," proceeded the youth. "It was only last week that I received a letter from a schoolfellow in Upper Canada, pointing out the delights of that wild and picturesque country."

The reply will be anticipated by all who can place themselves in the situation of the lovers, both in their teens, both experiencing the ecstatic bliss of a first love, both anxious to live, until death parted them, with the kindest of parents.

"Perfect love has this advantage in it, that it leaves the possessor of it nothing further to desire. There is one object (at least) in which the soul finds absolute content—for which it seeks to live

or dares to die. The heart has, as it were, filled up the moulds of the imagination; the truth of passion keeps pace with, and outvies the extravagance of mere language. There are no words so fine, no flattery so soft, that there is not a sentiment beyond them that it is impossible to express, at the bottom of the heart where true love is.

"What idle sounds are the common phrases, 'adorable creature!' 'divinity!' 'angel!' What a source of gratification it is to possess such a feeling!

"Perfect love reposes on the object of its choice, like the halcyon on the wave, and the air of heaven is around it!"

So writes Hazlitt, and so felt our hero, as Susan Newman promised everything that had been required.

Archibald Wilmer had been buried with all the pomp usual on such occasions, and the innocent cause of his premature death had been denounced as his murderer.

"A lie, though it be killed and dead, can sting

sometimes, like a dead wasp," remarks Mrs. Jameson, in her Ethical fragments; and such was the case in the present instance. Lady Wilmer had invented a tale that Mark Hindley had not only been the aggressor on the fatal occasion, but that he had been heard to say he would revenge himself on her son for some supposed slight. This fabrication was imparted to a few friends, under a promise of secrecy, the surest way of getting it bruited abroad, and it at last reached the ears of the baronet, who became highly indignant.

"Impossible!" he exclaimed. "Never will I bring myself to believe that one whom I have fostered could be guilty of such sin and ingratitude."

A kind word in due season never fails to produce a good effect. An unkind inuendo is equally efficacious in a contrary way. Lady Wilmer hinted at Mark's morose manner, at his unprincipled advisers, Farmer and Mrs. Newman. The latter remark took root, for this sturdy yeoman had quarrelled with Sir Archibald on a ques-

tion connected with the game laws; and when a letter was placed in the baronet's hands, of which her ladyship had, by underhand means, obtained possession, his fury was uncontrollable.

"Let him marry the scheming hussey!" he muttered, with bitterness. "I'll cut him off with a shilling. Never again shall he enter these doors."

"Let me intercede," said the arch-fiend, after she had felt her power, and done her worst to infuriate her husband.

"Never, Lady Wilmer! For his father's sake he shall not leave my roof without a farthing; enclose him this note for fifty pounds. I insist!"

The bell was rung, the butler was ordered to remove Mr. Hindley's effects to the "Dolphin," at Pembury, and to deliver the letter to him, under the pretext that he had been suddenly called away upon business.

In less than an hour the bank-note was returned, with a dignified reply, declining all pecuniary assistance, and, within a month, the Newmans,

their daughter, and son-in-law had embarked, at Southampton, in the *Ocean*, merchantman, for Quebec.

At the expiration of six weeks they landed on the Canadian shore, and after a few days passed in that city, then the seat of government, they proceeded to the Upper Country.

It is impossible to describe their disappointment, to picture their distress, at finding, on reaching the settlement, that the long-promised land was not the valley of Achor, but a large forest, swarming with mosquitoes, and surrounded by swamp.

They found themselves alone, save and except a few half-starved sickly-looking Irish emigrants, who, after a labour of two years, had established themselves in wooden huts, only worthy of the wildest part of their native country; and they were about to leave the pestilential spot, which had already bred rheumatism and ague, without even a compensating return, in the shape of potheen, whisky, or potatoes.

To buy the family of O'Roorke out of their

tenement—to take their live and dead stock, which consisted of two attenuated pigs, a broken plough, a barrel of salt-beef, an axe, and a saw, at a valuation, was speedily arranged, and the newly-arrived colonists took immediate possession, to the delight of the outgoing tenants, who declared that, after all, there was not a spot in the wide world, equal to "ould Ireland."

The morning after the O'Roorkes had taken their departure, a rather illegible letter was found in an old tool-chest. It was addressed to Squire Hindley, and ran as follows:—

"YER HONOUR,—

"Keep a sharp look out after those dark divils the Indians. The spalpeens stole the litter of pigs, and have vowed vengeance against the whole family.

"Yours to command,

"TERENCE O'ROORKE."

The spelling would not have passed muster at

a Foreign Office examination, bad as is generally supposed it occasionally has been, and was in keeping with the writing.

When Hindley first read this curious epistle, his feeling was to keep the intelligence from his wife, knowing how anxious it would make her; for stories of predatory savages, with their war dances and scalping expeditions, had often been discussed on the outward-bound passage; yet he argued with himself, "Why should I hold back anything from her?" He remembered the axiom:

"When once a concealment or deceit has been practised, in matters when all should have been fair and open as the day, confidence can never be restored, any more than you can restore the bloom to the grape or plum that you have once pressed in your hand. How true is this!—and what a neglected truth by the great portion of mankind! Falsehood is not only one of the most humiliating vices, but, sooner or later, it is most certain to lead to the most serious of crimes."

His resolution was taken, and Susan found herself happy at the thought that the most unlimited confidence existed between them.

To keep a constant watch on their property was now the aim of the new settlers; but their precaution was unnecessary, for not a human footmark, savage or civilized, was ever traced within miles of their tenement. The dreaded attack of the Indians had been averted by a circumstance which came to Hindley's knowledge after he and his family had quitted the upper country for the lower, on their return to England.

We will pass over the first few months that elapsed subsequently to the departure of the O'Roorkes. Ere the summer had terminated, illness attacked the Newmans and their daughter, and Hindley feeling that to remain in this pestilential clime was to risk the lives of those he held dearer than his heart's blood, he resolved to proceed to England. This arranged, they made the best of their way to Quebec, and reached it in time to take their departure before the navigation was closed in by the ice.

The expense of the journey, and the loss they had sustained by disposing of their live and dead stock at a tenth part of their value, had so crippled their resources, that, on reaching the point of embarkation, they found themselves with very limited means. But Mark went bravely to work. He offered to act as steward, or even in a more menial capacity, to a captain of a merchant vessel loading with timber for England; but the berth was already filled.

The lower town, at this period, was full of the very worst characters of all nations—Americans, Canadians, English, Scotch, and Irish. Drunkenness was carried on from morning till night, broils and rioting took place in every public-house, and *crimps* were actively employed in enticing soldiers and sailors to desert their colours and ships. A man-of-war had arrived from Halifax, and furnished a good harvest for these unprincipled traders in man.

Hindley now devoted the whole of his days to the object he had in view—that of working his passage home to his native land, and

was about to give it up in despair, when one morning, after he had earned a dollar for assisting a merchant's clerk in making out an invoice, and was returning with it to the humble lodging he had taken for his wife, in that steep hill which leads to the Upper Town, he was accosted by an ill-looking man, dressed in the costume of a South American planter, with a linen jacket and trousers, broad-brimmed straw hat, and a huge cigar in his mouth.

"Stranger," said he, in a voice that shewed at once where he was "raised," "I guess I wish to have a word or two with you."

"Certainly," responded our hero.

"You're a true born Britisher, I calculate?"

"I am."

"Well, then, step in here, while I tell you how you may be of service to me and to yourself."

Hindley, following his new acquaintance, entered a small public-house, over the door of which flaunted the national banner of the United States —the stars and stripes.

"You'll liquor?" inquired the Yankee; and turning to the landlord, ordered two "gin slings."

"Excuse me," replied Mark, "I never touch spirits in the morning."

"Proud!—tarnation proud!" muttered the *crimp* to himself; "but I'll take it out of him." Then turning to his intended victim, he mildly said, "We are shipping a large cargo for the West Indies, and if you feel disposed to assist Captain Drake in the commercial concerns of the voyage, he will be happy to give you handsome wages, and, at the termination of it, a free voyage to England."

The offer sounded tempting, and Mark was about to inquire whether his wife, father and mother-in-law might accompany him, when his companion continued—

"You see," said he, imbibing a considerable quantity of the transatlantic summer luxury through a straw, "we require a few Britishers for the *Indian Chief*, six able-bodied seamen, a matte, and a carpenter, and if you could—" here the

spokesman had recourse to another strong pull, and a quid of tobacco—"only procure them, you would receive a handsome bounty, and——"

"And what?" inquired our hero.

"A berth for your wife and family, for I hear you are spliced."

The tempter paused, and attributing his listener's silence to acquiescence, proceeded in a more open strain.

"One of the crew of His Britannic Majesty's frigate, the *Daring*, tells me she is under orders to sail to-morrow, and that the liberty men will be on shore to-night. Here's fifty dollars, make the best use of it you can. Meet me at sunset near the Government landing-steps, and your fortune is made."

"Villain!" replied Hindley, and was about to seize him by the collar, when the landlord, who had been on the look-out for a squall, rushed in, and saved the Yankee from a hug that would have gone nigh to have strangled him before his time.

A coxswain of the frigate happening to hear the scuffle, reported Hindley's conduct to the captain, who lost no time in sending for him, and offered him a berth on board his vessel as steward, which post was vacant.

Mark was very grateful, but after explaining the position of his wife and family, and their anxiety to return to England, respectfully declined the proffered kindness.

"Perhaps I may yet be of service to you, Hindley," continued Captain Mostyn. "I am well acquainted with the owner of the *Naiad;* she sails for Liverpool the moment her cargo is on board. Order my gig to be manned," this he addressed to the coxswain, "and I'll take you on shore at once—no time's to be lost. Here, my fine fellow, are a couple of guineas for your honesty, and I'll manage to get you and yours a free passage to England."

Captain Mostyn was as good as his word, for in half-an-hour Hindley was presented to Mr. McIvor, an extensive ship-owner, who received him most

kindly, and gave him a letter to Captain Colmore, of the *Naiad.* The affair was speedily adjusted, and within four-and-twenty hours, Mark and his family were on board the *Naiad,* which was as fine a specimen of a merchantman as ever crossed the Atlantic. Nothing could exceed her order and cleanliness, and her captain, who was an excellent officer and seaman, was looked up to and adored by all hands.

The *Naiad* had her courses and topsails loose, with "Blue Peter" at the fore, when Colmore came alongside. No sooner had he gained the deck, than the boatswain's pipe, "All hands—up anchor, ahoy!" was heard. Then came, "Ship capstan bars! Down with a tackle from fore and main-yards! others from the stay to be ready to hoist the captain's gig."

"Aye, aye, sir!"

"Man the topsail-halyards. Hoist away the topsails. Stamp and go."

Up flew the topsail-yards, all nearly together, the port head-yards, then called larboard, were

hauled round for canting to starboard. After-yards were braced, for the port tack, on the opposite way.

"Belay, and belay again," as the marks were in.

"Ship the capstan bars," were the next orders, they having been temporarily unshipped to make room for setting the topsails.

"Stand by your nippers below; heave round," when, to the tune of a rather shrill fife, away walked the men at the capstan, man-of-war fashion.

"Heave and in sight," shouted the mate.

"Heave and a wash."

"High enough."

"Avast heaving. Out bars."

"Hook the cat."

"Man the cat-fall."

"Haul taut."

"Run away the cable," and the ship's anchor was walked up.

By this time the *Naiad* had paid off, the head-yards were braced round to the port tack.

"Up and loose top-gallant sails, man fore and main tacks, and jib halyards."

"Hoist away the jib. Haul aboard."

"Let fall. Sheet home. Hoist away," and the Canadian "clipper" was going along, with a fair breeze, at the rate of nine or ten knots, with her head for Old England.

At the expiration of eight-and-twenty days they reached Liverpool, where the event recorded in the opening of the chapter occurred. It was during Hindley's passage home that he read, in a Montreal paper, the following account of the melancholy end of Paddy O'Roorke:

"On Monday morning last, seeing a number of persons hurrying towards the Chaudiere Falls, we enquired the cause, and were informed that a crib of timber, with two men upon it, had passed over the 'Big Kettle,' and that one of them had been drowned, while the other was stuck on the table-rock, upon the Bytown side of the river, immediately opposite the suspension-bridge. Having repaired to the scene of the accident, we found this melancholly tale verified.

"It appears that, being unaccustomed to navigate the channel leading into the slide, which is perfectly simple, and easy of access, they had neglected to keep close enough to the shore, until too late, they found themselves drawn, with gradually increasing rapidity, towards the fearful abyss, through which no man living has ever been known to pass, although many have found a grave in its deep waters.

"Upon entering the rapid immediately approaching the fall, one of the men (whose names we have since learned to have been Terence O'Roorke, that of the other Paddy Burke, and who were attempting to elude some police sent in search of them), jumped off the crib towards the shore, since when no vestige of him has yet been seen.

"But amongst the anxious crowd gathered upon the beach, which could not have numbered less than four hundred persons, sympathy for the unfortunate dead seemed almost wholly merged in the most intense and absorbing interest for the salvation of the living. Standing upon the small

rocky island, upon which the miraculous intervention of Providence had placed him, with a 'hell of waters' roaring around him on all sides, his was a critical and fearful situation. He was in comparative safety, save from constant exposure to the spray, and some proposed that he should remain where he was until the water fell sufficiently to permit his passing; while others, who understood the danger better, suggested that means should be adopted at once to convey him to the mainland.

"In pursuance of this determination, a stone, having a string attached to it, was, after several ineffectual attempts, thrown across the water. A rope was then fastened to the string, which was passed over a high post, and drawn across by Burke, and made fast to the rock; a large iron ring having been put upon the hawser, a small rope was tied to it, a few feet at one end being allowed to hang down for the purpose of securing round his body. This was also passed over by a string, as before.

"The arrangements having been completed, the signal was given for him to prepare for the precarious voyage. This he did with a great degree of coolness, arranging the rope round his body with admirable skill.

"During the time thus occupied, the excitement became intense; it arose to the highest possible pitch when, apparently misunderstanding signals made to him, to await some further arrangements upon the shore, he poised himself upon a portion of the crib, which had formed a 'jam' upon the rock, and launched off boldly, with nothing but the thin air between him and eternity.

"The moment was a thrilling one. A portion of his body dipped into the foaming waters below. We turned to look upon the effect produced upon the multitude around. All seemed to hold their breath, while with pallid cheeks, and eyes intensely fixed, they gazed upon the scene; a moment passed which to many seemed hours; the rocks rebounded with one loud deep shout, in which even the roaring of the torrent was lost.

"Drawn swiftly along the hawser by the ring, in less time than we have taken to narrate it, the shore is reached in safety, and congratulations are poured upon the hero of this adventure, for his miraculous escape from sharing the untimely fate of his unfortunate companion. Long will this extraordinary passage be remembered from this island, which may henceforth be appropriately designated 'ould Ireland.'

"Bytown is on the grand Ottawa River, far in the interior of Canada. The situation of Burke was one of great peril, quite as much so as if he had been driven on one of the small islands directly above the more mighty cataract—the Falls of Niagara."

CHAPTER IX.

"Thou art gone to the grave! we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy side."

HEBER.

WE pass over the struggles Mark Hindley had to endure, from the birth of his daughter to the period when she attained her seventeenth year. Through the influence of Captain Colmore, he had obtained a tolerable lucrative situation in a mercantile house at Liverpool; and by devoting his leisure hours to the pursuit of literature, with the exercise of a strict economy, he had realized sufficient funds to enable him to place Clara at a most excellent boarding-school near Birkenhead, then little more than a village.

All for a time seemed to prosper, when, in consequence of a violent cold caught in a tour to the lakes of Cumberland, Mrs. Hindley was attacked with a serious illness. The medical men asked if any member of the family had been consumptive, for symptoms of that disease had unmistakeably presented themselves. A mild climate was recommended for the ensuing winter, but in the meantime the sufferer was advised to try her native air.

Months passed on, and Mrs. Hindley became gradually worse; the cough increased, and the hectic spot on the cheek indicated the progress the disease was making. Despite all human efforts, before the spring had set in, the invalid yielded her spirit calmly up to the Being who gave it.

Mark was completely struck down by this blow, and for a length of time refused to be comforted. Religion eventually, however, came to his aid; and withdrawing his mind for a season from the irreparable loss he had sustained, he leaned with grateful recollection on the divine love which throughout

the late dispensation had tempered judgment with mercy.

A few lines he addressed to the friend who had undertaken the "story of his life," will shew his state of mind.

"Is there any one," he asked, "who has hung in despair over the death-bed of her he loved; has gazed on her wasted frame, and caught her last glance fondly turned on him; seen her pallid lips move, wishing but unable to utter the accent of love and consolation; watching her faint attempts to smile, to express resignation, and impart comfort; and felt the chill and feeble pressure of her hand, striving to assure him that the heart, in which the last pulse is beating, still feels the warmth of affection?"

In so painful a scene, what could support him? —what but that religion, which whispers in angel's tones, "Weep not—ye part not for ever! Ye may meet again in a world where tears shall be wiped away, and where hearts, united in the bonds of affection, shall never again be torn asunder!"

I felt the deepest interest in the foregoing narrative; indeed, the recital of my friend's career took such an entire hold of my mind that I could think of nothing else—yet, strange to say, the question of how the intimacy was to end never suggested itself to me. All I knew was, that the "blind bow-boy's butt-shaft" had wounded my heart—that I was madly, irrecoverably in love with a portionless girl—that my own finances were at an extremely low ebb, and that I had little prospect before me of being able to support myself, still less a wife.

Clara's career had been so full of sorrow, she had been so borne down by grief, that scarcely a gleam of sunshine ever illumined her dark and dreary path. To imagine her feelings towards me was impossible; for although she ever expressed her gratitude for my having saved her life, and declared how greatly she felt my kindness to her father, yet I felt that her heart was one which required a deal of winning; but that once gained, would be invaluable to the possessor.

At one moment, I began to suspect that some more favoured lover held possession of a heart I coveted so much; but as I placed implicit faith in all Clara's father had told me—and he had declared that their circle of acquaintance was so limited that hardly a desirable acquaintance had ever entered their house—the thought quickly vanished from my mind, and I felt thoroughly ashamed of myself for my unjust suspicions.

When I gazed on the countenance of the suffering girl, when I listened to her melodious voice, when I attended to the sentiments that fell from her lips, I felt assured that no guile lurked in her nature. If ever frenzied lover, or moon-struck poet raised in his distempered mind the beau-ideal of beauty, that ideal must have fallen far short of hers. According to my ideas, she possessed the simplicity, the truth, and the loveliness of *Juliet*, with the wit and brilliancy of a *Rosalind*. I had the presumption to wish that her love for me might be chaste and dignified as that of the intellectual *Portia*, as sweetly confiding as that of the artless

Perdita, as constant as the tender *Imogen*, as devoted as the injured *Desdemona*, as fervent as the impassioned *Helena*, as tender as the patient *Viola*, as affectionate as the fair-haired *Ophelia*, and as simple as the unsophisticated *Miranda*.

Alas! had she possessed but half the virtues of any one of these types of "admirable woman," she must have been perfection in my eyes. As it was, no divinity that I had ever read or dreamt of, could dispute with her the palm of excellence my adoration had placed upon her brow.

My love for her had been of gradual growth, not bursting forth in the form of a wild unmanagable flame, that a breath of wind might have dissipated, but based, in its early days, on the solid foundation of respect, which is the indispensable groundwork of lasting affection. Each day discovered to me some new charm—each fresh glance at her revealed some fascination, hitherto unappreciated—and each conversation that I had with her brought out some additional proof of the superiority of her mind.

One day in her society was like the next—and the similarity between one and the other was that they were supremely happy. But this passion was a traitor to the heart that harboured it. It was not till long after the date of those days, which there is even now a sad pleasure in recalling, that the whole unconcealed force of my affection made a full confession within me. Whilst I was with her my imagination loved to fancy that there was no danger of losing her, and that a temporary separation would be but the opportunity of indulging in a dream of past happiness, which must inevitably return.

My existence had, hitherto, been such an undeviating course of dissipation and riotous living, that in the society of Clara I seemed to breathe the pure air of a better world, and to have begun life afresh. Would that it had not been of such a brief duration!

CHAPTER X.

"'Tis true, my hopes are vanishing as clouds:
Lighter than children's bubbles blown by winds."
DRYDEN.

"How different is the view of past life, in the man who is grown old in knowledge and wisdom, from that of him who is grown old in ignorance and folly! The latter is like the owner of a barren country, that fills his eye with the prospect of naked hills and plains, which produce nothing either profitable or ornamental. The other beholds a delightful and spacious landscape, divided into beautiful gardens, green meadows, fruitful trees, and can scarce cast his eye on a single

spot of his possessions that is not covered with some beautiful plant or flower."

This passage suggested itself to my mind, when, upon further and more intimate acquaintance with Mr. Hindley, I discovered the rich vein of information he possessed upon almost every subject, and which he expressed in a simple, unaffected manner, free from verbosity, pedantry, or exaggeration.

"It surprises me much," I remarked, one day when I was taking a stroll with him on the beach, "that you have not published your adventures. I think you might turn your talents to account for the benefit of the public, as well as to your own advantage, if you were to write a book, or connect yourself with some newspaper or magazine."

"At your age," he calmly responded, "I thought so too; but I have lived long enough to know how difficult it is for any author to establish a literary reputation. Almost every journalist and periodical editor possesses a staff of his own—men who have, in many instances, by talent and persever-

ance, raised themselves from humble duties to their present position. Many a popular writer has served for years as a reporter, or has made his way to public favour by contributing articles upon the topics of the day, forwarded gratuitously. I myself have often sent manuscripts to publishers and others, when, after weeks of intense suspense and the deepest anxiety, they were returned, with a regular stereotyped formal answer, thanking me for sending, but declining to make any use of them."

"I have a friend," I continued, alluding to my old schoolboy chum, William Darley, "whose father is most intimately acquainted with Mr. Perry of the *Morning Chronicle*, and Mr. Taylor of the *Sun;* between them I think you might, should you wish to do so, obtain employment."

"You are very kind," replied my companion. "If I decline your proffered assistance, I am not the less grateful for it. I have some thought of forwarding some papers upon Canada to the *Monthly Magazine*, although I am not very san-

guine as to a successful result; but the clock reminds me I have to call for Clara."

He took his leave politely, but abruptly, and it required no great discernment to be assured that this poor, yet proud, man had determined to make his own fortune, free from the interference of any one.

During the rest of the day, I saw no more of him, and upon calling in the evening to inquire after his daughter's health, was told she was suffering slightly from indisposition—the fact being (as I afterwards ascertained), that she was devoting herself to copying a manuscript, which her father forwarded by the next day's post to the editor of the above popular monthly periodical. In the meantime, days were passing away; my leave had nearly expired, and I had come to no arrangement with my London creditors, who, I feared, the moment I joined my regiment, would pounce upon me. In this dilemma I again had recourse to Mr. Isaacson. How could I do otherwise? One promise to pay could only be cancelled by another, and feeling that

the little time I had to spare was too precious to be lost in bargaining with the usurious man of Israel, I received a sum of money, left my humble signature in the hands of the mercenary collector of autographs, and refused to come to an understanding with myself as regards the future.

The last days that I was to spend in the Isle of Wight passed with a rapidity which can only be imagined by those who, like myself, know what it is to be loving against time. I saw a great deal of Clara Hindley, who treated me with the utmost confidence; and as her father had every reliance in her thorough good sense, and the delicate state of her health, engrossed his undivided attention, we were left together more than we otherwise should have been.

There is no period in the acquaintance of two young people of opposite sexes so critical as when they impart to each other the history of their past lives. How much I loved to hear Clara's trials from her own lips! With what pride did I find myself made a confidante of the sorrows she had

gone through; and with what interest did I listen to the recital of her many troubles! Her acquaintance with grief had indeed been a most intimate one; and though Mr. Hindley, with a view to cheering his daughter, at this critical moment of her life, was making an effort to assure her that a glimpse of a good time coming was already discernible in the horizon, yet with me he did not attempt to disguise that the haven of calm and comfort seemed to him as distant as ever. It was out of the question that I could see far into the future.

I had a melancholy pleasure in alluding in Clara's presence to the follies of my past life. Even reproach is palatable proceeding from the lips of a loved one. I gave her an outline of my career, and in return she gave me much affectionate advice.

"Why not," she said, "follow, whilst matters are retrievable, the course which the thoroughly ruined prodigal of Scripture was eventually compelled to adopt. Go to your father, confess all;

he will, doubtless, forgive you, and you will be saved from much misery."

It was in our last interview that she spoke to me thus.

"Thanks, Clara," I replied, "for these kind words. I will at once take the step you recommend—on one condition, which is, that if I am successful with my father, as I believe I shall be, you will consent to link your destiny to mine."

Her eye did not glance mechanically to the floor, as many young ladies would have done on such an occasion. No. With a firm, yet loving look raised towards me—a look which, lasting but for a moment, no change of scene has ever been able to obliterate from my memory.

"No," she replied, after a deep sigh. "Had I not seen the calamities in my own parents' case that such a marriage produces, I would willingly have said 'yes.' Had I a fortune to confer upon you, I should not have hesitated to accept an offer which, as it is, it pains me to refuse. Dear George," she continued, "think no more of me,

and for my sake I entreat you take the step I have recommended. Go to your father, and tell him everything. It will be a satisfaction for me to feel that I shall have been partially the cause of your commencing a new life."

"Clara! Clara!" said I, "consider again ere you give me a decisive reply!"

Again those eyes, full of tenderness and love, rested upon me.

"Think of me no more," she replied, as a tear suddenly dimmed her eyes; "I, who have probably but few years in this world, and no bright days to look forward to, shall love to live over and over again, in imagination, the happy hours we have spent together, and it will be to me an undying source of pleasure to linger on the recollection that one for whom I *have* felt, and feel more than I ought to say, once loved me, a poor, unhappy girl, for her portionless self's sake!"

Need I say these words but added fuel to the flames of my affection? I tried every sort of persuasion that I could put into language, but in

vain. I protested that the reformation or ruin of a human being was in her hands. It was to no purpose. I adjured her to take time and reflect, ere she gave a final reply to my earnest prayer. But she would not alter her decision.

The home sorrows of her own parents, ever struggling onward in their pilgrimage in search of that goal of prosperity which they had never found, had so indelibly left their impress upon her mind, that, as the reader may imagine, her first view of the case was not to be altered.

The interview ended—the last farewell took place. The last farewell, which was to be the melancholy finale to a life episode, happy in all but its ending. Clara had brought to a victorious issue a struggle that had been raging in her bosom between duty and inclination. She had fought a stern fight, and had conquered.

I left her presence, wandering I knew not whither, not thoroughly realising at the moment how deeply I could suffer. It took some little time to settle down to my grief, the influence of

which I would not at first acknowledge, and imagined that I had left it behind me. Alas! it returned to me after a time, forming as it were a cancer in my heart, which for a series of years no power on earth could eradicate, and leaving me a specimen, though it may appear a singular and curious one, of that character which the French have translated, "*une existence décolorée.*"

It was the time of spring, when everything, blythe and joyous around, is apt to cheer the most depressed spirits. I felt reckless as to the future, and, in fact, tried to be so, making an effort to force myself back to the ways of folly, which, in Clara's society, I inwardly loathed; and though in those days a little voice, urging me to reform, was constantly endeavouring to make itself heard within me, yet a louder, and, alas! more influential one, crying "onward! onward!" instantaneously arose, and overpowered the feeble efforts of the better element within me.

The day arrived upon which I was to join the head-quarters of my regiment at Winchester; and

I arrived at that ancient city a few hours before mess-time. The barracks, built on the site of the old castle, have an imposing appearance; and, as I entered them, the remembrance of bye-gone days flashed vividly across my mind. I pictured to myself the venerable building in which Henry VII. and his queen resided at the period of the birth of their son, Prince Arthur. I saw "in my mind's eye," the conflict at the commencement of the civil war under Charles I., when the Parliamentary general, Sir William Waller, took possession of the castle, which was recaptured towards the end of 1643, and garrisoned by the Royalists, who held it until after the battle of Naseby.

Again my thoughts reverted to the week's siege, when the fortress, the Bishop's Castle of Wolvesey, and several churches and public buildings, were demolished; nor could I forget that upon the site of the castle a royal palace was commenced in 1683, by Sir Christopher Wren, and which, owing to the death of Charles II., was never completed.

Then came the change from a palace to a prison;

for, during the long war with France, it was occupied by French prisoners.

My reflections were soon turned to another channel by the appearance of the adjutant, who conducted me to the room of the commanding officer. Colonel Burnley received me with kindness, and shortly afterwards introduced me to my brother officers.

It is not my intention to follow the tracks of other writers, and describe "Life in a barrack," much less to give "Incidents of the mess," or "Anecdotes of country quarters;" suffice it to say, there was the usual quantity of "pipe-clay" discussed, the usual amount of military port consumed, the usual allowance of tobacco smoked, interspersed with regimental stories, exploits of Captain Fuzee of "ours," and descriptions of garrison and other belles.

What with mornings devoted to drill, afternoons occupied in lounging about the city, and evenings spent at the mess, my time passed quickly away, and all went well save the absence of my charmer;

until one morning, when a letter was placed in my hand, informing me that a writ for fifty pounds was out against me, at the suit of a London tradesman, for perfumery and other articles for the toilet-table. To borrow the money was impossible, and an arrest would have proved fatal to my military prospects. One chance seemed left me, and that was, to remain, on the plea of sickness, in the barrack-room for eight-and-forty hours, when my regiment was to march to Portsmouth.

A strong cigar, which I begged from a comrade, soon gave me a white tongue and pallid cheek, and the surgeon placed me on his list, I having previously given strict injunctions to my batman to deny me to every visitor.

The morning arrived when the regiment was to march, and as it was to take place at a very early hour, I flattered myself that in the crowd and bustle of departure, I might fall in with my company unseen; but such good fortune did not await me.

Just as the first bugle had sounded, a brother

"sub," who was on the sick list, rushed into my room, and exclaimed,

"It's all up!—the bailiffs are at the barrack-gate, one at each side, ready to pounce upon you."

"What's to be done?" I said; "there's not a moment to be lost!"

"Necessity is the mother of invention," says the proverb, and I took immediate advantage of it. Being hard pressed, an idea crossed my mind, of which I was not slow to avail myself. My batman had a new suit of regimentals, which had been left in my room to go with the rest of the baggage, and before the second bugle sounded, I was equipped in them; and, waiting my opportunity, fell in with my company just as they were about to leave the barracks.

Away we marched to the popular tune of the "girls" (I might have said "duns") "we leave behind us," looking neither to the left nor right, my men enjoying the joke, and screening me as much as possible.

Just as we approached the gate, one of the

sheriff's officers addressed my captain, and asked whether Ensign Carlton was with the regiment.

"He has been on the sick list," he responded, "for the last few days, and is probably still in his room, or in that of the junior surgeon."

"A find!—a find!" shouted the land-shark; and leaving his companion to watch the gate, proceeded to the officers' quarters. Ascertaining the number of my room, he tapped at the door, and, without waiting for an answer, rushed in, and discovered, as he imagined, the prey he was in search of.

"I have a small affair with you, sir," said he, as he tapped my brother sub upon the shoulder, and presented him with a writ.

"It's a mistake," replied the ensign; "my name is not Carlton."

"Oh, of course it ain't!—that's an old dodge; but if you ain't Mr. Carlton, how comes it that you are meddling with his chest, and stowing away his uniform? It won't do—you must come with me. I've had trouble enough already about you.

Come along—I wish to be polite. Nay, no demur —remember, first I tries ciwility, next I tries sewerity."

"I'm under the doctor's hands," continued the "sub."

"So your Captain said," responded the bailiff; "and now"—catching hold of the mistaken victim —"you are under mine!"

"One moment while I lock up this chest," said the ensign.

"In course," replied the other, "if a gentleman is a gentleman, and acts as such, I am always ready to meet him half way. I've a post-chaise handy, and if you prefer a ride to a walk, and like to post the needful, we shall soon be at Portsmouth, where I have no doubt you will be able to raise the supplies."

It now occurred to my friend that every moment of delay would be beneficial to me, so after protesting against his illegal arrest, and threatening the bailiffs with prosecution for false imprisonment, he allowed himself to be conveyed to Portsmouth,

where for the present we must leave him.

The march proceeded, and upon reaching our destination I was about to congratulate myself upon my escape, when to my horror I was summoned before my colonel, informed by him that my escapade had become known to the regiment, and that in consequence of it I must take that step which looks so much better on paper than it frequently is in reality, namely, of "retiring by the sale of my commission."

My footsteps immediately led me as it were by instinct to the metropolis, that most dangerous of all places to a restless and reckless spirit. Surely some evil genius had incited me thus to fling myself into the jaws of perdition.

CHAPTER XI.

"*Lord Lacy.*—Your hand, Master Luke; the worlds' much changed with you,
Within these few months; then you were the gallant;
No meeting at the horse race, cocking, hunting,
Shooting, or bowling, at which Master Luke
Was not a principal gamester, and companion
For the nobility.
Luke.—I have paid dear
For these follies, my good lord; and 'tis but justice
That such as soar above their pitch, and will not
Be warn'd by my example, should, like me,
Share in the miseries that wait upon it."

MASSINGER, *City Madam*

"What do ye know, but play at dice?"

CAXTON, *temp.* Henry VIII.

"The dicers with their doctors* in their pockets."

Peveril of the Peak.

My pecuniary difficulties so increased, that I was

* Doctor, a cant name for false dice.

constantly in the clutches of the sheriff's officers, and had to borrow money at a most exorbitant rate to free myself from the sponging houses; indeed, so frequently was I arrested, that upon one occasion, when lounging in Kensington Gardens, listening to the strains of the Life Guards band, I felt a gentle tap on my shoulder, and mechanically turned round and asked "at whose suit?" when, to my great surprise, and to the astonishment of the innocent cause of my fear, I found that the supposed bailiff was an old college friend, who I had not seen for a considerable time.

This unexpected meeting led to an event which completely brought my affairs to a climax. Arthur Constable (so my "chum" was called) was heir to a good fortune, but had forestalled it greatly by his love for gaming; he was on the point of leaving London for Cheltenham, and as I found the metropolis getting a little too hot to hold me, I was easily persuaded to accompany him to that celebrated spa.

"Meet me to-morrow," said he, "at the 'White

Horse' Cellar, at eight o'clock, and in the meantime I'll book two outside places by the 'Defiance.' "

"All right," I replied, "with this trifling alteration—Piccadilly is rather a conspicuous place, and for reasons which I need not explain, in the present tight state of the money market, it would be advisable to join you at some more out-of-the-way spot. Look out for me opposite Knightsbridge barracks; and as I know Jem Tarleton will be put out during the whole journey if I delay him with my luggage, I'll send my portmanteau to your hotel to-night. I think you said you were at the 'British,' in Jermyn Street?"

"I am," rejoined my friend, "but time's getting on, and I've promised to meet the governor"—fathers in those days were not irreverently called "relieving officers"—"at five o'clock; we are to dine early, at my old maiden aunt's in Cumberland Place, so what with her simple fare and plain-spoken manner, her lap-dogs and her lectures, her poisonous wine and her excellent advice, the

caloric state of the rooms—for the poor creature was born and bred in India—and the warmth of her arguments, I shall have a nice time of it; but it's as much as my place is worth to keep my father waiting, so farewell. Soon after eight I'll be on the look out for you at Knightsbridge."

With these remarks, Arthur took his leave, and, not wishing to be prevented from keeping my appointment with him for the following morning, I lingered in the gardens until the shades of evening had set in, and then strolled quietly home to my lodgings, fortunately, owing to the dark, without encountering any of those legal scouts who were ever on the look out for me.

At the appointed hour I was at my post, and as the "Defiance" drove up I perceived the box-seat vacant.

"Quite the gentleman!" remarked the coachman, on Constable informing him that my luggage had already been stowed away in the hind boot. "That's the way I like to see business done," proceeded he; "no waiting, no scolding of

passengers, no fretting of horses. Good-morning, sir, all right, sit fast," and away we bowled, at the rate of ten miles an hour, with Jem Tarleton in the best of humours.

I pass over my journey, and bring my readers to the "Plough," Cheltenham, which we reached in time for a late dinner. While sipping our wine in the coffee-room, we were joined by an elderly gentleman, whose dress, the perfection of neatness, partook somewhat of a sporting character; and to show a contrast between the costume of the early part of the century, and that of the present day, I will describe "Squire Ripton's" appearance.

He was a fine specimen of a ruddy, healthy sexagenarian. He was short, but well-proportioned, with a high forehead, a dark, penetrating eye, and the remains of a splendid head of dark hair. His dress consisted of a rifle-green cut-away coat, a pair of white corduroy trousers, a grey waistcoat, a "tie," worthy the author of a popular book of that period, "Neckclothiana," country-washed linen, highly-polished boots that

shone in all the brilliancy of day—and Martin, a well fitting buckskin glove, and a hat so elaborately brushed, that there was not a speck on the glossy beaver.

Such was Mr. Ripton, generally called "The Squire," albeit, as like *The Squire, par excellence*, of hunting and racing fame, as a child's popgun is to a Whitworth rifle.

After apologizing for his intrusion, which he did on the plea of having met Arthur Constable's father at Bath, and expressing how happy he would be to put our names down at the club, he was about to retire, when we pressed him to take a chair, and a glass of wine.

"If," said he, "you will allow me to bring my pint of sherry to your table, I shall be delighted, and then, Yorkshire fashion, each paying his own score, I care not how long we sit and enjoy ourselves."

This suggestion was soon carried out, and as we had nearly drained our respective bottles, Ripton proposed that we should try a joint-stock magnum

of fine old beeswing port. Assenting to this proposition, the waiter, after receiving strict injunctions to be particularly careful in decanting the highly-prized liquor, presently placed the ruby wine before us. Having drank to our better acquaintance, the squire evidently began to lay himself out for our especial edification, and soon rivetted our attention by his graphic description of Cheltenham and its visitors, pointing out and giving anecdotes of the principal worthies and unworthies who were then congregated in this salubrious town, so snugly sheltered by the Cotswold Hills.

"We are to have a bachelor's fancy ball next month," said Ripton, "and the amateurs act to-morrow evening at the theatre, for the benefit of the manager. If you like to have tickets for the ball, I can arrange it by applying at once."

We were all gratitude, Constable pointedly remarking, "that on the north country practice quoted by the squire, we should be delighted to attend."

"Our list of givers of the ball are nearly

complete," he proceeded; "but we should probably find the chairman, Colonel Achmuty, at the club; what say you to adjourning there?"

"By all means," we replied.

In less than a quarter of an hour, having, on our way, secured places at the theatre, we entered the club-house, where we were introduced to at least a dozen of its members.

"You will find the morning newspapers in the reading-room," said the squire; "and if you fancy a game at pool or billiards, or prefer cutting in at whist, I am at your orders. We generally play half-crown points, and a pound on the rubber."

"Let's have a pool," said Arthur Constable, who was a tolerable good hand with a cue.

"Agreed!" said Ripton; "marker, give the balls —Orme, Ashmore, Clements, and Joddrell, you'll join us, we'll string for lead, what shall we put into the pool?"

"I'm good for any coin," said Clements, a slang young cornet of the Madras cavalry, at home on

"urgent private affairs," "from a 'bob' to a 'fiver.'"

"A crown! a crown!" said another.

"Half a sovereign!" shouted the rest.

And the amendment was carried by a large majority. The money was collected, and certain lives were backed against others, by which the amount to be won or lost was considerably increased.

"Blue plays," exclaimed the marker, "red follows blue," "yellow follows red," "one life lost to red," and so on, until none remained in a state of vitality except the Squire, Constable, and myself.

"The 'old-un' for a trifle," cried out Clements, as he quaffed a glass of "cold sugar and no fruit," as he termed some brandy and water.

"I'll take two to one he walks into the pool."

"I'll bet you ten pounds to five he don't," replied Captain Ashmore, another East India Company officer, home on two years' sick (of the climate) leave.

"I'll do the same," said Constable.

"Done with you," responded the cornet.

The bets were duly booked, and the deepest anxiety was manifested on all sides. A stroke that would probably decide my fate was now to be played by Ripton, who in his over-anxiety to hole my ball, and bring his own in a safe position under the cushion, missed his stroke, and pocketed himself.

The game was now left to Arthur Constable myself, and we, having agreed to divide the pool, played our best for the bets, the palm of victory being awarded to my antagonist.

Upon the principle, and a very excellent one, that short reckonings make long friends, a settlement was made, and I found myself a winner of five-and-twenty pounds—a fortunate omen, thought I, for the commencement of my Cheltenham career.

As a matter of course, we as winners proposed another pool; but none of the others seemed disposed to play, and we retired to the smoking-room to indulge in the luxury of a mild Havannah—a

practice not then as much in vogue as it is at present.

Young Clements and Ashmore smoked their Hookahs, and vied with each other in the most wonderful stories of Indian hunting and shooting adventures. The cornet described a steeplechase by night, which came off at Coimbatoor, or some such unpronounceable name, confined, as he called it, "to officers of ours," five hundred rupees each, ten miles, and which, according to the narrator's account, was won by himself, after a slashing affair, in which three horses were killed and two fell lame.

Ashmore then told of his prowess with a rifle, when more animals than those enumerated by Gordon Cumming fell beneath his unerring aim.

The Squire, in a more modest tone, described some runs he had seen in Warwickshire and in the Vale of Berkeley, some thirty years ago; while Orme and Joddrell, who were crack shots at pigeons, gave us interesting particulars of matches

with the blue rocks, at the Red House, Battersea, and the Old and New Hats Ealing.

We were now getting on into what the cornet called the small hours; and as that fast youth declared he could not do without his ordinary dose of Morpheus, we parted for the night, but not before we had agreed to dine together at an early hour the following evening, for the purpose of witnessing "A new way to pay old debts," rather an ominous sounding name to me, and "Raising the wind," equally portentous, but whether foreboding ill, or foreshowing signs of good, the result will prove.

It is the fashion to say that the watering and water-drinking places of England are not what they were in former times; and although there may be some little truth in the remark, I am inclined to think that the change is in us, and not in the localities; and that if our feelings were as fresh, our emotions as natural, and our sensibilities as unimpaired, as they were in our youth, we should find equal delight in those saline spots, devoted to idleness, amusement, and health; but,

whether right or wrong in our inferences, there is one incontrovertible fact—which is, that Cheltenham in those days was the most delightful town in the world; the sportsmen found pleasure with the Berkeley, Badmington, and Warwickshire hounds, the races, steeple-chases, and pigeon shooting; the *gourmet* could revel in the most luxurious repasts; *le bon vivant* was never at a loss for an excellent dinner; while the *bad liver* from the East could procure an appetite by recruiting his enfeebled constitution at the bubbling spring which nature has so lavishly bestowed on this favoured spot. Dowagers with their penniless daughters had ready access to the whist table and ball rooms; and heiresses were there to be run down by needy fortune hunters. Veterans from India could indulge in Oriental grandeur, free from monsoon and musquito; idle men about town could flirt and dance with some of the prettiest girls in England; young ladies could find objects of romance and sentiment, as they promenaded under the beautiful avenues of lime-trees near the old

Wells; while invalids could regain their strength and vigour from the salubrity of the climate. In short, old and young, patricians and plebeians, rich and poor, married and single, the healthy and the infirm, the robust and the maimed, drew life and spirit and glory from the radiant smiles of this Queen of Spas.

No wonder then that with youth, a flow of animal spirits, and, comparatively speaking, a tolerably well filled purse, I felt not a little gratified when, upon entering the coffee-room for a rather late breakfast, I found at least a dozen notes of invitation, with more than double that number of "pieces of pasteboard" (as our young friend Clements would have called them) in the shape of visiting cards.

Constable soon joined me, and after enjoying a most excellent meal, we proceeded to stroll to the fashionable promenades. At the corner of High Street we met Ripton, who merely stopped to remind us that dinner was ordered punctually at five, and that after the performance, supper would be

ready at his house, where he hoped to have the pleasure of seeing us.

I pass over the dinner, which, like all dinners when eating against time, was far from satisfactory and extremely detrimental to our digestive powers. After it we proceeded to the theatre, where, as usual, when the amateurs, headed by the late popular owner of Berkeley Castle, performed, the house was full to the ceiling.

Precisely as the clock struck seven, the curtain drew up; for Earl Fitzhardinge, who acted upon the principle that scrupulous exactness in time was equally necessary whether in pleasure or business, prided himself on punctuality.

Before I refer to the acting, I beg leave to offer a few general remarks upon amateur performances. They may be placed in three distinct classes: first, those who, like the Cheltenham and Canterbury old stagers, act publicly upon the stage, the theatre being open to all who pay their money; secondly, those who, under the cloak of charity, perform to an audience of friends who have pri-

vately obtained their tickets; and, thirdly, to those dreadful abominations which James Smith so admirably hit off, as "best of all madrigals, private theatricals"—drawing-room performances. Upon such occasions, the audience is confined to immediate relatives, friends, and acquaintances; and the entertainment (if such a phrase can be applicable) is as unlike one on the regular stage as mock turtle is to real, tinsel to gold, or glass to diamonds; and when, despite the shouts, plaudits, weeping (for we have heard of "tear-distained eye,") of the housekeeper, ladies' maids, valets, grooms, and footmen, who look upon their masters and mistresses as Garricks, Kembles, Keans, Siddons's, O'Neils, Nisbetts, Listons, Keeleys, Buckstones, Websters, Comptons, and Tooles, the whole affair is flat and vapid, not even worthy to be called the essence of mediocrity.

If the above performances are strictly private drawing-room ones, with a curtain thrown across the saloon, well and good; I find no fault with those innocent revels, nor would I expose the

shortcomings of the actors, their want of talent, their inflated ideas, their absence of stage knowledge, and their imperfection both in the acting and words of their parts; for every allowance ought to be made for lords, commoners, and ladies, who wish to pass an idle hour or so on the mimic boards; all that I contend for is, that what they do is not acting, and I must assure them that the extravagant compliments paid them only tend to turn their heads, and make them strut about like the vainest of pea-fowl, male and female.

Earl Fitzhardinge gave the most laborious study to every part he undertook; he got thoroughly acquainted with the author's meaning, and was always letter perfect. Nor would he allow any play to be represented until it had been attentively rehearsed. His height was, however, very much against him, especially in such small theatres as Cheltenham and Tewkesbury, and there was a stilted manner which seemed to be put on with a costume character, from which the noble lord was exempt when in plain modern attire.

A few exceptions to this ruling may be made, for he looked "every inch a king" in "Henri Quatre;" as *Brutus*, he appeared "the noblest Roman of them all;" and was equally successful as *Faulconbridge* in "King John;" it was in characters like *Bromley* in "Simpson and Co.;" and *My Lord Duke* in "High Life below Stairs," that he greatly excelled. His conception of the henpecked husband *Jerry Sneak* was perfect, but his appearance rendered the farce too broad and ridiculous.

The Honourable Augustus Berkeley ranked much higher as a tragedian and comedian than his elder brother; indeed, in many characters, he could not have been excelled on the regular boards. His *Othello* would have immortalized any professional actor, both as to his expression, in grandeur of soul, and gentleness of nature; as *Mark Antony*, he was dignified; as the impassioned *Romeo*, he was the *beau ideal* of the Veronese youth, who "was beloved and loved again;" as the Italian villain *Iachimo* he was pre-eminently great, and

his melodramatic acting in that difficult scene, when he approaches the chaste bed of Imogen, was a master-piece; as the fat knight *Falstaff*, I may quote from the poet, and say "the world will never (among amateurs) look upon his like again."

Just as the curtain dropped, and the audience were preparing to leave the theatre—for those senseless ovations of calling for the actors and showering floral wreaths and bouquets upon them were unknown—Ripton joined us, and said the fly was at the door to convey us to Auraucaria Lodge, so his suburban villa was called.

"I forgot," said he, "to tell you, I have a young friend staying there who will be delighted to form your acquaintance. You have probably heard of Julia Lawrence, her history is a most touching one—but we have no time to lose, upon some future occasion I will recount it."

Following the squire down stairs, Constable and myself entered the carriage, and presently found ourselves at what might strictly be called Ripton's country (or loose) *box*. Upon entering the door,

we were struck with the exquisite taste that prevailed in the hall through which we were ushered, and in the drawing-room, where the presiding lady received us most graciously. In a niche in the wall of the former was a most beautifully executed bust by Canova, and in the latter, which was white and gold pannelled, with amber coloured silk curtains, the sofas, tables and chairs, being of the Louis Quatorze style, appeared two exquisite drawings in water colours.

A few specimens of the finest Dresden, Chelsea, and Sevres china, and a curious clock, which had once graced the boudoir of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, were the only ornaments about the room, which looked as a drawing-room ought to look, and did not, as is too often the case, have the appearance of a curiosity shop.

"Allow me," said Mrs. Ripton—for the lady took what is termed in the Army brevet rank—"to introduce you to Captain and Madame Mascal—Francesca is one of my oldest and dearest friends."

Constable and myself made our bows, and soon

entered into a lively conversation with our new acquaintances, which was interrupted by the entrance of Lamonael, a French factotum, who announced that supper was ready. Offering my arm to la belle Julie, we followed our host and Madame Mascal, the rear being brought up by the Captain and Constable.

Before we sit down to that symposium, which was on a par with all we had previously seen, it may not be out of place to give a slight sketch of the assembled party.

Julia Lawrence was the eldest daughter of respectable parents, who resided at Cambridge; to a beautifully formed figure she added a most expressive countenance, while her dark lustrous eyes, her jet-black ringlets, with the whitest of teeth, declared her, at the early age of fifteen, to be the belle of the tradesmen's coterie. As a matter of course, she became the object of attention from many an under-graduate, and bouquets and pink notes were daily poured in upon her.

Anxious to escape this college Scylla, albeit in so doing the London Charybdis wrecked the hopes of the family, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence decided on apprenticing their daughter to a conscientious milliner in Bond Street, at that time the popular lounge of all the idle men about town. The arrangement was made, and, accompanied by her father, the young and innocent girl was taken up to the metropolis, where she was introduced to her employer, Mrs. Wallis, with strict injunctions that every attention should be paid to her temporal and spiritual welfare.

Although the early closing movement had not then commenced, Mrs. Wallis made it a point to give all the inmates of her establishment a half holiday once a fortnight, and to this well-meant kindness may be traced the ruin of poor Julia. Although not vicious herself, she became acquainted with a foolish giddy girl, whose head had been turned by the many compliments paid her when walking to and fro from Bond Street to her widowed mother's house in the Strand. On the

occasion of a general illumination, Kate Newland got separated by the crowd from her party, and in her fear of being crushed, accepted the arm of a gallant officer of Hussars, then quartered at Hounslow barracks. This accidental meeting led to others, and she at last, after many fruitless attempts, persuaded Julia Lawrence to accompany her to Vauxhall Gardens.

A note, supposed to be written by Mrs. Newland, inviting the two girls to her brother's house at Peckham, blinded the eyes of Mrs. Wallis, and she gave permission to her apprentice to pass the night with her friends. The result of a supper at Vauxhall with two unprincipled libertines may easily be anticipated. It led to more deception, more meetings, until at last, under a promise of marriage, both girls fell victims to their heartless seducers. The regiment was ordered to Ireland, and Julia would have been driven to the streets, had she not met Ripton, to whom she had been introduced on the first fatal meeting at Vauxhall; he offered the homeless girl his protection, and she

who, a few months before, would have proved a treasure as an honest man's wife, became the degraded mistress of a professional gamester.

Captain Mascal was an accomplished man, had an agreeable person, an elegant deportment, travelled manners, and a good education; he moreover possessed the art of alluring—in short, knew very well how to "catch a flat." Whenever he was introduced to a stranger, he began the usual fascinations of politeness, condescension, and offers of friendship. Mascal had the art of appearing to yield to the pretensions of others, and thus imperceptibly to establish his own.

The Captain had a wife, or at any rate a lady who took his name; having been married abroad, no copy of a register from St. George's (Hanover Square), or St. James's (Westminster), could reasonably be expected. This person was a Florentine by birth, had a fine figure, was haughty and condescending by turns, and her fascinations were of the most dangerous description. The sumptuous suites of apartments of the Mascals in Paris

had been daily thrown open about six o'clock in the evening to a dinner party of English and foreign nobility. In the evening a little play began, and it was then that Mascal displayed new capabilities, when his fingers, eyes, and tongue were all actively engaged; nor was the accomplished sorceress, his partner and accomplice, less acute, for she watched every action, listened to every word, attended to every sign, with the greatest fidelity, and played her cards accordingly.

The pack once in Mascal's hands, no conjuror could beat him; he was a perfect adept at palming, weaving, (*id est*, securing one or two more cards upon the knee under the table,) slipping or putting the cards at the top again, which have been cut off, and ought to be put underneath. He would amuse a dupe by engaging him in conversation, offering a pinch of snuff or a glass of wine, while marking the cards, giving the office, and performing other feats of legerdemain.

After flourishing for a time, Mascal was at last detected in the act of cheating at a game of

hazard with false dice, and, despite his bullying and denunciations against the foul conspiracy, as he called it, which was raised against him, and the wheedling of Madame, society took the alarm, the hue and cry was raised, and, branded as a cheat, the Captain was compelled to quit Paris, the object of scorn and contempt.

After undergoing the process of "white-washing" (as it is termed), a process which proves that if you cannot wash the Ethiopian white, you may at least wipe away the darkest spots in the white man's character, Mascal again appeared in public; and having made a lucky hit on the Derby, by which he pocketed several thousands, though, had he lost, the amount would not have been forthcoming, he established himself at a fashionable west-end hotel.

There, with the aid of Madame, whose health and beauty had not been impaired during her temporary, but voluntary retirement with her husband within the rules of the King's Bench Prison, he contrived to get a certain class of society

around him, to eat his good dinners, ride his best horses, drive his well-appointed phaeton, occupy a seat in his box at the opera, or theatre, for the honour of which, be it remarked, that the recipients of his generosity paid largely, as could be shown by Madame's winnings at ecarté and whist. Mascal declared that, after the infamous conspiracy that had been got up against him, he never again would touch a card or a dice-box; and up to a certain period, he kept his resolution; but as, during his secession from play, he acted as confederate to his "sposa," the result was nearly the same, and many a "fledgeling" found himself awfully plucked at the Captain's hospitable board.

Here it may naturally be asked, why the military profession should have been disgraced by the appellation of Captain to such a wholesale swindler? The reply is easy. In early life Mascal had been appointed to a cornetcy in a light cavalry regiment; but soon, in consequence of a disreputable horse-dealing transaction, he was compelled to retire from the service. Once a cornet, always a

captain, is an old saying in the Army, and Mascal attached to his name a rank he had no claim to.

A few years afterwards, his father died, leaving him a handsome fortune. No sooner in possession of wealth, than he displayed his power. He hired a hunting-box in Leicestershire, a racing-box at Newmarket, a shooting-box in Norfolk, a bathing-box at Brighton, a water-drinking-box at Leamington, a town house, and a Scotch moor. The result may easily be anticipated. Mascal became reduced in circumstances; instead of economising, and trying to redeem his past follies, he took to betting on the turf, in which he was tolerably successful. Feeling, however, that the Continent offered a greater field for the display of his talents, he sold off his establishments in England, and started for France and Italy.

At Florence he became acquainted with Francesca Melazzo, the daughter of a *danseuse* of some celebrity, who was also intended to follow the Terpsichorean art, which had raised her mother to eminence; but the young Italian fell into bad

hands in the *coulisses* of the opera house, and her paramour being a married man, with very small means, she soon left him, and after much coquetting, during which she assumed a virtue she did not possess, yielded to the fascinations and fortune of the rich English captain, and became his wife. Mascal, however (we were nearly writing rascal), always felt that, to adopt his racing metaphor, he "had a stone in hand," for, from being under age, and some informality in the marriage ceremony, he could at any time repudiate his wife.

Thus a union that should be formed on sacred and honourable grounds, was on both sides carried out with falsehood, deception, and trickery.

Having now introduced our readers to the *sestette* assembled in the dining-room at Aurauca-ria Lodge, I proceed with my narrative. Nothing could exceed the good taste displayed at the supper-table, and which reflected greatly to the credit of Monsieur Lamonael. The *pôtage a la reine*, the *poularde au gros sel*, the *cotelettes de mouton sauce piquante*, the *mayonnaise d'homard*,

and the cold *terrine de foie gras*, were perfect; the champagne and claret were equally meritorious.

What a contrast did this *recherché* meal offer to the usual suppers of broiled bones, deviled turkey, grilled fowls, and punch—indeed, so admirably was it served, that good humour prevailed throughout; and the wine having been liberally dispensed, it required little persuasion on the part of Mrs. Ripton to finish the evening with a game of hazard.

"I shall be happy," said this lady, with one of her most *winning* smiles—rather a losing concern to us—"to keep the bank. My sposo, who never plays, shall act as croupier, and the stakes must be limited—what say you, Madame Mascal?"

"I shall have much pleasure," responded the latter, in very fair English.

"By the way," observed our host, in an off-hand manner, "I find that Julia has ordered beds for you and Mr. Constable, and, as it is late, I will send your fly home. Lamonael shall go early to

the 'Plough,' and bring out your dressing things. We can furnish you with all you require to-night."

As the wine was in, it is not to be wondered at "that the wit was out," so, agreeing to the kind proposition, a card-table was brought, and Ripton, in a most artistic manner, marked, with a piece of chalk, the different lines required for this game. Dice and counters, representing one, five, ten, and fifteen sovereigns, were then introduced, and the fair hostess, taking her seat at one end of this "board of green cloth," with her husband opposite to her, commenced operations by asking her friends to "make their game."

It would be tedious to dwell upon the "mains" that were called, or describe the throwing in and the throwing out of the respective "casters;" suffice it to say, that some very potent *Roman* punch was handed round, which produced such an effect upon Constable and myself—for the Mascals acted as "bonnets" to these accomplished *Greeks*—that new counters, representing fifty and a hundred pounds,

were issued from the bank, as also a paper currency in the shape of I.O.U's.

Soon, very soon, did we realize the truth of the line, "*facilis descensus averno*;" for, growing desperate with our bad luck, we rushed headlong into the fatal abyss, and, upon taking the last throw, found ourselves losers to the amount of three thousand pounds—Constable and myself having agreed to share alike in the profit and loss.

"We must have our revenge some other evening," observed Madame Mascal, with a look of despair; "I've lost nearly one hundred pounds."

"And I," muttered her husband, "am out at least, a thousand."

At this moment a sudden thought flashed across my mind, but not wishing to unburthen it publicly, I had resort to artifice.

"Good night," said Mrs. Ripton.

"*Bon soir!*" added Madame Mascal, as these ladies proceeded to retire, after shaking their victims warmly by the hand.

"Good night!" we faintly replied, knowing what cruel mockery there was in the word "good."

"Bring the bed-room candles, Lamonael," exclaimed our host, "and shew Mr. Constable to the red, and his friend to the blue room."

Anxious not to hurt Ripton's feelings by a suspicion that foul-play had been resorted to, my resolution had nearly given way, when Constable took up two sets of the small ivory dotted squares, which had been so ruinous to us both, and laughingly remarked that the least change he could get out of his fifteen hundred pounds was the two pairs of dice, and that as, with the stamp, they cost two guineas, he would economize and add them to his backgammon board, without which, for fear of a rainy day, he never travelled.

Had I required further proof of the gamester's guilt, I should have found it in the anxious look, the pallid cheek, and the hesitating tone of the voice, when Ripton replied, "that it was a pity to

take such unlucky dice, and that two new sets should be given to him in the morning."

"No; I have a fancy for these, and you cannot refuse them," continued Constable.

Still perfectly unconscious of the agony he was inflicting upon our host, Ripton, for the first time in his life, was what the sailors call "taken aback," he became speechless; so availing ourselves of the silence, we hurried off to our respective bedrooms, but not before I had whispered to my friend that I wished to see him for five minutes before he retired.

Upon entering my room I told Constable my suspicions, and had great difficulty in restraining him from breaking one of the dice with the poker, and from afterwards following the same process on the head of Ripton, in the event of the dice having been found loaded.

"We have a wary enemy to deal with," said I. "Let us seal up the dice, and have them tested in the morning. In the meantime, upon the pure English principle that every man is innocent until

pronounced guilty, not a word must escape our lips."

"I don't think I can make up my mind to sleep under the roof of even a suspected scoundrel, for I now remember quite well that whenever a dice was thrown over the table on the ground, Ripton picked it up. You are right in your conclusions —we have been victimized by a gang of swindlers."

"Take my advice," I continued. "Breakfast is not ordered until eleven; get up early, and slip out of the house unseen. I will make your apologies to our host and hostess, if the latter appears, which, after the 'potations pottle deep' of champagne and punch she has imbibed, is not very likely, and I will remain, 'to beard the lion in his den.' There, take away the proofs of guilt or innocence, and remember I have not tampered with them."

Wishing Constable good night, and tired with the excitement of the night, I soon fell asleep, and dreamt of "seven's the main," "eleven's the nick,"

Ripton, "deuce ace," "doublets," the Mascals, the lobster mayonnaise, "crabs," the *terrine de foïe gras*, "the game's made," false dice, the "odds on the hand," the beautiful Florentine, and the captivating Julia, and, on awaking, spouted forth the lines of Chaucer:—

"Hazard is very mother of lesings,
And of deceit, and cursed forswearings;
Blaspheming, manslaughter, and waste also
Of chattels and of time, and furthermore
It is a reproof, and contrary of honour,
For to be held a common hazardour;
And ever the higher he is of estate,
The more he is holden desolate;
If that a prince useth hazarderie,
In all governance and policie,
He is, as by common opinion,
Yheld the lesse in reputation."

My soliloquy was interrupted by a tap at the door, and without waiting for my saying "Come in," Lamonael entered my room, bearing a cup of coffee, and one of tea, followed by a youth, who, in these days, would be called a page, but who then was only known in the more humble capacity of a foot-boy. Jem (so he was called)—for Alfreds,

Edgars, Arthurs, Henrys, Francis's, were not the nomenclatures of serving-boys—had been early to the "Plough"—we speak of the sign, not as applicable to the soil—and had returned with my carpet bag, which Constable had ordered to be packed up on his arrival at the hotel.

Breakfast was announced at eleven o'clock, and, upon entering the room, I found the party assembled. Mrs. Ripton was full of smiles, Madame Mascal resplendent in beauty, her husband calm and affable, and my host courteous and natural. Can it be possible, thought I, that I have been mistaken, that my suspicions are ungrounded, and that I have been guilty of injustice to an innocent party? No sooner had this impression entered my brain, than I felt disposed to unburthen my mind, make what is called a clean breast of it, and apologize for the illiberal and unworthy thoughts I had harboured against one from whom I had received, and was still receiving, hospitality.

Acting upon this idea, which I fully proposed

carrying into execution after breakfast, I threw off all stiffness of manner, all reserve, and banishing the subject of my losses, made myself as agreeable as possible. This seemed to inspire the others with a feeling of reciprocity, and, had vanity been one of my failings, I should have imagined, from the attentions paid me by Julia, and the bright looks of Francesca, that I had made a double conquest.

"You must form one of our party to Tewkesbury to-morrow," said Mrs. Ripton, with a most winning look, "where the amateurs repeat their performance of last night. Nay, I will take no refusal; if fine, I will drive you over in my pony-carriage. Black Bess is the prettiest stepper in all Cheltenham. We propose dining at the 'Hop Poles,' and returning at night."

After a pause, she continued, "And your friend, Mr. Constable, will accompany my husband and the Mascals in their britchka. By the way, I understand, from Mr. Ripton, that your friend is very fond of backgammon, and that he has no

dice with him; pray give him this travelling board, with two sets of new dice, as a slight token of regard; and perhaps you will kindly accept this silk purse, and not value it less because it was worked by me."

As she handed over to me an Indian ivory board, of exquisite workmanship, and a crimson silk purse, with gold rings and tassels, she gave me a glance which would have proved as fatal as that of the Killarney beauty, immortalized in song, had not the present of new dice revived an impression that had, in a great measure, died away; for I felt that an attempt would be made to recover the old ones, now in possession of Constable.

At first I looked confused; alternate hope and fear took possession of me; but as I gazed on the beautiful face of Julia, confidence was restored, for I could not bring myself to believe that under the form of an angel lurked a treacherous fiend.

"We shall have the pleasure of seeing you to-morrow," said Mrs. Ripton; "it will be necessary

to start early, that we may not be hurried over our dinner."

With this she wished me good-bye, and, taking leave of the Mascals and my host, I left the Lodge, and made the best of my way to the "Plough," where I had appointed my fellow-victim to meet me.

Upon entering the coffee-room, I found him in conversation with a gentleman, with whom I was slightly acquainted—Lloyd Owen by name; and thinking, from the high character he bore, that it would be expedient to consult him, especially as he was on most friendly terms with Constable, I requested both to accompany me into a private room, where I could open the case. No sooner had I mentioned the names of Ripton and Mascal, than the worthy Welshman looked horrified; I had brought my narrative up to the conversation at the breakfast-table, and was about to unseal the packet that contained the dice of the evening before.

Owen begged me to pause.

"You, I regret to say, young gentleman," ob-

served he, "have evidently been cheated by these swindlers; but to bring the case home to them, we must be cautious. Do not touch the seal of the paper that contains the backgammon-board, nor the other. With your sanction, we will proceed to Mr. Kingland's office. He is a solicitor of high standing; and in his presence, that of his clerk, and my own, with an ivory-turner to test the dice, we will arrive at the truth. In the meantime, not a word must escape our lips as to the suspected party. If they are innocent, no harm can accrue from the investigation; if guilty, it is a case for legal redress."

"Surely," interrupted Constable, "we must call the scoundrels out and post them if they are too cowardly to accept the challenge."

"Arthur," proceeded our new adviser, "I have known you since your early childhood, and your father is one of my oldest friends; he would be the last to wish you to brook an insult, or shrink from the consequences of a quarrel with gentlemen; but when men descend from that position,

and become sharpers, they place themselves out of the pale of society. Before I proceed further in the matter, both you and your friend must promise me faithfully that you will leave the affair in my hands; by so doing the responsibility will be removed from you to me, and I shall be ready at all times to defend your honour and my own at the risk of life, if questioned by anyone whom it would not be a degradation to meet."

We gave the required pledge; and, ordering a fly, proceeded first to an ivory-turner's, who we requested to follow us with a small saw and vice, and then drove to Cambray street, where the solicitor dwelt. There a consultation took place, the result of which I must reserve for another chapter.

CHAPTER XII.

Too dear he holds his int'rest to neglect
Another's welfare, or his right invade;

Wrong he sustains with temper, looks on Heav'n,
Nor stoops to think his injurer his foe;
Nought, but what wounds his virtue, wounds his peace."
YOUNG.

MR. KINGSLAND, to whom Constable and myself were introduced, was a solicitor of the old school, one who was early and late in his business; indeed, he was never thoroughly happy out of it. Of a kindly nature, with a pleasant manner and gentlemanlike appearance, he had earned a high reputation, particularly from his noble conduct towards the oppressed poor, in fighting their battles gratuit-

ously, as also for his conciliatory manner in arranging matters entrusted to his charge, when no actual damage had accrued to his clients.

In cases, however, where a party was unjustly accused, or unfairly dealt with, there was no more uncompromising man than Kingsland. He would fight the battle to the last, not yielding a single point to his opponents. An early grief—the loss of his wife and only child, both of whom were consigned to one grave—had made him thoughtful, but not sullen or morose; and now, in his forty-fifth year, he was working laboriously for two portionless nephews, the children of his late beloved partner's sister.

Upon two occasions only throughout the year did Mr. Kingsland take a holiday, and that was for two days at 'Easter, and one at Christmas; the anniversary of his wife's death was kept as a day of meditation.

The house to which we had been driven was a small red brick tenement, with one wing used as offices. On ringing the bell, the door was opened,

and we entered the portion of the building occupied by Mr. Muggridge and his assistant clerks.

"Mr. Kingsland," replied the former, who was a man of at least sixty years of age, dressed in a very faded suit of black clothes, which no empiric could restore to their pristine lustre; "is at present engaged with a client; but if you will be kind enough to take a seat, he will see you as soon as possible."

We sat down, and the three hard working men proceeded in their daily business of engrossing deeds, copying papers, and writing letters. After waiting about ten minutes, the door of the solicitor's sanctum opened, and a widow, whose inflamed eyes shewed that she was no stranger to grief, emerged from it.

"Thank you, thank you a thousand times!" said the mourner, "for your kindness to me and to mine; may Heaven reward your generosity!"

"Say no more, my good woman," responded Mr. Kingsland, "Mr. Muggridge will see that the

landlord receives his rent, and that all proceedings are dropped."

Upon seeing us, the solicitor apologized to Mr. Owen for having kept him and his friends waiting, and politely begged us to follow him into his room.

"Be seated, gentlemen," said he, as he placed chairs before us, and set the example by ensconsing himself in an old-fashioned, and very much worn, easy arm-chair.

After the case had been opened by the worthy Welshman, and Constable and myself had given our account of what had occurred, Mr. Kingsland looked extremely grave, and for a moment or two was silent, evidently pondering over his reply.

"The difficulty," he said, "my young friends, that you labour under, is, that you alone can prove the identity of the dice, which, if false, would convict the accused; and being interested in the result, and having, as I guess, a gang of sharpers to deal with, every advantage would be taken of that fact.

We must act cautiously in the affair, or we shall fail to bring the charge home to them; for should we even ascertain that the dice are loaded, what is to prevent Mr. Ripton and his coadjutors from declaring that they were introduced by you. Nay, start not, young gentlemen, I mean not to offend your feelings, but as you were all engaged in a gambling transaction, and more or less inflamed with wine, a charge thus made against you, backed up by the declaration of four unprincipled persons, might be very difficult to refute, especially in the eyes of those unacquainted with the characters of the accused, and accusers."

"But surely," I faintly observed, "had we been base enough to have introduced false dice, we should have come off winners, not losers."

"Unquestionably," responded the lawyer, "such would have been the impression upon the minds of sensible men; but it might be urged by unprincipled persons—for a similar case once came before me, that you—remember, I tell you what might be said, not what I believe—might have allowed

your adversaries to win at the onset, so as at a later period to ensure a larger booty."

"There is much truth in that remark," I replied, for I myself had heard instances of such nefarious practices; "but, at our age, we should scarcely be accused of premeditated swindling."

"Do you remember," continued Mr. Kingsland, "a passage in the last work of the Great Unknown, which applies to your last remark, alluding to gamesters. 'This light, young, gay in appearance, the thoughtless youth of wit and pleasure—the pigeon rather than the rook—but at heart the same sly, shrewd, cold-blooded calculator, as yonder old hard-featured professor of the same science, whose eyes are grown dim with watching the dice at midnight, and whose fingers are even now assisting his mental computation of chances and of odds.' Unfortunately, at all ages, and at all times, men, old, middle-aged, and young, have, when once seized with a gambling mania, committed actions which would place them on a level with the lowest of mankind."

There was a brief pause, when Mr. Kingsland, ringing his bell, ordered that a messenger might immediately be sent for the ivory turner, who lived in the High Street, with a request that he would lose not a moment in coming, and bringing with him his tools for testing some dice.

In a short time, which appeared to us to be a very long one, Mr. Lawford made his appearance; and in the presence of Mr. Kingsland and his head clerk, commenced his operations. The result will readily be anticipated—the dice were all pronounced to be loaded. They were then sealed up, and placed in the lawyer's strong iron chest. While turning over in his mind what step had best be taken, Mr. Kingsland had a card brought to him, which, being from an old and highly valued client, caused him to leave the room for a few minutes. Upon his return, it was quite evident to us, from his anxious look and hurried manner, that some untoward circumstance had occurred during his brief absence.

"It is as I feared," said he, "Mr. Ripton has

been before us, and has applied to the magistrates for a summons against both you young gentlemen. General Macnaughton, who has just left me, heard it at the club. The affair looks serious, but as right will triumph in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, I have no fear for the result. Let me see you again in an hour's time, when you shall make me more thoroughly acquainted with the whole of the transaction."

We thanked our adviser, and took our leave, devoting the spare hour to a stroll along the Gloucester Road, during which we talked over and noted down every circumstance connected with the affair.

Upon our return to Mr. Kingsland, he informed us that the General's story was correct, that Mr. Cuzner, a very sharp practitioner, had been engaged by Mr. Ripton, and that Serjeant Brassington, one of the ablest of Old Bailey lawyers, then on the circuit at Worcester, had been sent for, and specially retained to attend the case on the following Saturday.

"I have seen Mr. Cuzner," said our adviser, "and have procured sufficient bail for you. It may be advisable to retain counsel, but as I am anxious to save all unnecessary expense, I should recommend Mr. Blakeney, who, although a junior, is thoroughly versed in the law, and ranks as one of the most honourable men in the profession."

"We place ourselves entirely in your hands," we responded; "and should be quite satisfied if you would undertake our defence without counsel."

"No, my young friends," he replied. "I will prepare the brief. My anxiety, when called upon to address the magistrates, might deprive me of utterance."

I pass over the intermediate days, during which we had been taken before the bench, and had been admitted to bail upon our own, and two recognizances of fifty pounds each, to appear the ensuing Saturday.

At an early hour the Court was crowded; and Mr. Brassington, who went by the name of "the

Browbeater General," entered, with a voluminous brief in hand, upon which was ostentatiously displayed "fifty guineas." The "unpaid," after exchanging the usual civilities, had taken their seats, the magistrates' clerk looked quite as important as any judge of the realm, the solicitors and reporters were at their posts, and the case was called on.

A dead silence now prevailed, every eye being attracted to my fellow-prisoner and myself. The learned Serjeant then rose, and after administering a nicely-compounded dose of "soft sawdor" to the "enlightened bench"—a bench that, by the way, he had denounced, a few days before, "as the curse of the country, nominated and supported by the proud oligarchy"—proceeded to burst forth into a torrent of virtuous indignation at the heinous crime with which we were charged.

"If, gentlemen," he said, suiting the action to the word, and regardless of his fingers and the deal table, striking it with the force of a black-

smith at his anvil,' "if there is one crime more hideous, more—

Here he was stopped by an event which suddenly occurred, and threw the Court into temporary confusion.

Among the crowd was a young man, who, although dressed in what is termed "seedy" apparel, shewed that he had seen better days. His erect figure, his tidiness of person, and the quiet manner in which he made his way through the dense mass of idle gapers of both sexes, bespoke him to be a gentleman. There was something very striking in his appearance; his eagle-eyes were blood-shot, his hands shook, the tint that overspread his cheeks was evidently due rather to the influence of brandy that of health, while the furrows that care and dissipation had stamped on his noble forehead, made him look at least twenty years older than he really was, and gave unmistakable proofs that delirium tremens had commenced.

In his hand he held a packet of letters, neatly

arranged and duly docketed. The all-absorbing attention the stranger had paid to the opening address of Serjeant Brassington, had attracted the attention both of Mr. Kingsland and my counsel, who could not fail to observe the look of withering scorn he gave to the accuser, Ripton, whenever his name was mentioned.

The position this victim to intemperance had taken up was one which rendered him conspicuous to my legal friends and myself, but placed him out of sight of the opposing party; and it was not until the table was so vehemently struck by the hard-fisted counsel, that Ripton took his eyes from some papers that lay before him. No sooner, however, did he meet the gaze of Captain Danson —such was the stranger's name—than he turned deadly white, his whole frame trembled, and the perspiration dropped from his heated brow. The Captain's countenance suddenly changed from scorn to triumph, as he held up the mysterious packet of letters.

The incident was not lost upon my advisers,

who consulted together, still anxiously looking out for some further corroboration of their suspicions.

In the meantime, Ripton had left his seat, and rushing across the space allotted to the "gentlemen of the long robe," as some of the newspapers term them, nearly knocked over the "Browbeater General" in his course. Upon reaching the spot where Danson stood, he uttered some words, evidently of entreaty, the only audible expression being, "a hundred pounds."

"It is too late," replied Captain Danson, who had screwed his courage up by the application of a small bottle of genuine English spirit to his parched lips; "I'm a witness for the defence," accompanying the remark with a sardonic smile, and a cry of exultation, that echoed through the court.

"Silence!" shouted the constable on duty.

"Turn out that drunkard!" exclaimed Ripton.

"Drunkard!" echoed Danson. "I place myself under the protection of the bench."

During this extraordinary scene, speculation was rife as to who the stranger was, and it was soon bruited about that he had formerly been on intimate terms with Ripton, until a gambling transaction had put an end to the acquaintance. The magistrates entered into earnest conversation, for Mr. Kingsland had claimed a pause of ten minutes, during which he could consult his counsel; Mr. Cuzner, looking downcast, addressed a few words to the learned Serjeant, who shook his head in the most approved Burleigh manner, reminding one of that distinguished hero of Sheridan's Critic. Ripton, in the meantime, had scrawled a few lines to his solicitor, which were handed to the counsel, and who immediately rose to address the bench, and ask for an adjournment.

This was declined, and after a few very mild expressions, milk and water in comparison to the burning lava that had fallen previously from his lips, Brassington proposed to put the prosecutor into the witness-box. Ripton rose from his seat, but a sudden faintness came across him, and he fell

motionless on the floor. Medical assistance was sent for, and he was removed from the court. The bench adjourned until the following day, when, as a matter of course, the prosecutor was not in attendance; and while, in the absence of Serjeant Brassington, Mr. Cuzner was informing the magistrates that his client was unavoidably absent, that client was on board an American vessel on his voyage to New York.

Captain Danson, who, *mirabile dictu*, had refrained from spirits, then made a statement to the magistrates, which was fully confirmed by documentary evidence, that he had been swindled out of his fortune by the Ripton gang, that he had been compelled to sell his commission, and that he had been sued for a bill, which Ripton had induced him, under the influence of liquor, to sign.

"It was with these false dice I was plundered," said the *ci-devant* Captain; "you will perceive that the mark is the same as on those produced in court; and if further confirmation is necessary, Jacob Tyssen, who is in attendance, will speak to

the fact of his having procured them at a den of iniquity, a low gambling house, kept by sharpers, in the metropolis."

It is needless to protract the case further. My companion and myself left the court with unblemished characters as to the foul play, although we received a well-merited rebuke for having associated ourselves with gamblers of any class. I was most grateful to Captain Danson for his opportune assistance, and, through the influence of Mr. Kingsland, I procured him a situation, that at least kept the wolf of poverty from the door.

CHAPTER XIII.

"The stately homes of England,
How beautiful they stand!
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
O'er all the pleasant land.

. . . . .

The free, fair homes of England!
Long, long, in hut and hall,
May hearts of native proof be rear'd,
To guard each hallow'd wall!
And green for ever be the groves,
And bright the flowery sod,
Where first the child's glad spirit loves
Its country and its God!"

HEMANS.

ABOUT this period I was invited to pass a few days with Sir Harry Hardacre, a fine specimen of the English sportsman of the olden time, who, as

he was from his wealth and possessions the first man in his county, was also the first hunter in the field, a complete model for imitation. Superior to the meannesses, tricks, jealousies, that too often degrade the sportsman, he knew how to enter into and enjoy the truly national pastimes of hunting, shooting, racing, and cricketing, without derogating in the slightest degree from the dignity of his position. He set an example to many proud and ostentatious sprigs of fashion by behaving to dependents with affability, condescension, and politeness.

Although Sir Harry never bet more than "a rump and dozen" (fine old port), a wager then much in vogue, upon any race, he passed a great portion of his time in improving the breed of horses, which his skill, attention, liberality, and perseverance enabled him to carry out with great success. Undeviating honour marked his career on the turf, which he patronised more through love of the sport than from any desire of profit. As a staunch fox-hunter, as a keen "gunner," as a

bon vivant, the worthy baronet was second to none.

A hoof mounted as an inkstand proved the former, for it recorded his prowess in the field on Guy Faux by Smolensko, who carried his master seven successive seasons without making a mistake, never failing to be in at the death; the game-book, too, told of the numbers of woodcocks, snipes, pheasants, partridges, hares, rabbits, wild geese and wild fowl that had fallen to Sir Harry's unerring Manton, while his hospitality needed no comment; it was patent to the whole world. Nor did his love of sport interfere with his duties as a landlord or a neighbour; he was just and humane, generous and forgiving, and his penetration in discovering objects worthy of his support, and his munificent liberality, warmed with its genial rays and cherished into expanded existence many a friendless, powerless man.

Lady Hardacre was a kind goodnatured woman, devoted to her husband, charitable to the poor, and a universal favourite with all classes, high and

low; but specks are sometimes to be found in the most brilliant diamonds, and her ladyship had hers—this was an inordinate love of dress, which a small independence of her own and a liberal allowance of pin money enabled her to indulge in to a considerable extent.

Were I learned in dresses, mantles, shawls, cloaks, turbans, veils, bonnets, furs, scarfs, and other articles of female attire, I would furnish the reader with a full, true, and particular account of Lady Hardacre's wardrobe; as it is, I will merely say, that it consisted of dresses that would have furnished prints for "La Belle Assemblée," "Le Follet," and every other periodical devoted to the fashion of the day. There were silk dresses, and brocade dresses, and velvet dresses, and satin dresses, and poplin dresses, and merino dresses, and crape dresses, and muslin dresses, and chintz dresses; then there were lace scarfs, lace mantles, lace caps, lace flounces, lace veils, from old English point down to the best modern Brussels, and Valenciennes.

Then there were silk cloaks, and velvet cloaks, and cloth cloaks in such quantities that had they been called into requisition by the gallant Raleigh when he *carpeted* the landing-place for his royal mistress with his mantle, the feet of the Virgin Queen would not have been soiled for many a yard; and as for the shawls, it would appear that India, China, France, and England had all united to send their choicest products to Hardacre Manor House. In short, so great was the number that my lady's two eight-feet wardrobes could not contain them all, therefore they were distributed about the house in oil-covered wicker baskets, imperials, &c.

One day, upon my return from hunting, during which I had met with a severe fall at a double post and rail, it occurred to me that a warm immersion would remove sundry pains I had in my body, and knowing that the bath-room was accessible at all times, I hurried off to it, just before the dressing bell rang, with scarcely a moment to spare to indulge in this lavatory luxury. Gas was not then in prospective existence, and the wax candle

emitted but a faint light as I placed it on the table of the adjoining dressing-room.

"How very well all is arranged," I inwardly exclaimed, as I saw by the dim flame a sheet spread over the marble bath. To turn both cocks was the work of a second, and the hot and cold water poured freely forth. Leaving the room for a moment while I divested myself of my garments, I was startled by a knocking at the door, and the loud voices of two females.

"What will my lady say?" exclaimed one; while the other replied,

"It's as much as my place is worth to tell her ladyship."

The thought then struck me, "Lady Hardacre must have expressed a wish to take a bath, and that I had forestalled her; so, giving a loud cough, or rather grunt, to show that the premises were occupied, I entered the fluid steaming at ninety-four degrees. Who can describe my sensations? The sheet, instead of sinking beneath my weight, seemed to occupy at least half the bath; in fact, I

felt myself very much as Falstaff must have done when he was thrown into the Thames at Datchet Mead, the only difference being, as I afterwards discovered, that the worthy knight had his cold bath among foul clothes, and that I had mine piping hot amidst the magnificent dresses of my hostess.

The result may easily be guessed. Mrs. Tiffany, Lady Hardacre's maid, not having sufficient room in the wardrobes, for her enormous stock, had deposited a large portion of silk and velvet attire in what had hitherto been deemed a safe receptacle; it being in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, usual for any one wishing to take a bath, to apply through the housemaids to have it prepared.

Great was my consternation when I saw the mischief I had done, for, unfortunately, the dresses were evidently those used on court and state occasions.

A story is told of a lady who reigned a few years ago in the fashionable circles of London, as wife to a mighty monarch long since be-

reft of his kingly glory, that the only instructions she ever gave to her Abigail were, "Dress me for a Royal Duchess," "Dress me for a party of twelve," "Dress me for no one except the family,' and that the injunctions were at once obeyed by the trusty *femme de chambre* laying out either a rich velvet robe, the most expensive lace, and a matchless tiara of diamonds, a handsome embroidered silk dress, or one of plainer material.

Now, in the case above referred to, it was quite evident that I had, by my haste and want of thought, sacrificed articles which my Lady Hardacre, had she followed the plan of the last-quoted authority, would only have produced for a royal ball, a reception of foreign potentates, or an assemblage of *la crême de la crême* of society.

The damage was, however, done, and, as the dinner hour approached, and the baronet was most regular in all his proceedings, especially at meals, I had not even time to arrange how best I could break the sad intelligence to my good-humoured hostess. As I entered the drawing-room I felt the

full weight of the saying, "conscience makes cowards of us all," for I could not help fancying that both Sir Harry and his better-half looked strangely at me. The announcement of dinner, however, removed my confusion, and my hostess's kind inquiry as to whether I felt the effects of my fall, placed me at once at my ease.

No sooner had the servants left the room, than my suspicions were again aroused, for I certainly heard, or fancied I heard, a young lady at the end of the table make a remark to Sir Harry, which sounded very much like an allusion to the subject I was inwardly writhing under; and what confirmed my impression was the reply of the hearty baronet—

"Oh! she can well spare them."

Now although, as it will be seen by the sequel, all the party were aware of my mishap, the allusion above recorded did not in the slightest degree bear upon the question uppermost in my thoughts, and which, in the perturbed state of my mind, I was convinced it did. The innocent

cause of my alarm had referred to the beautiful velvet appearance of the leaf of some choice hot-house plant, and Sir Harry's gallantry in requesting her acceptance of a few pots drew forth the remark which scared the soul of my unfortunate self.

After a slight cough from Lady Hardacre, and a hunt after gloves and fans, the hint was taken by the ladies; and they rose to leave the lords of the creation to talk over their runs, shooting, farms, and the poor laws. Being near the door, I flew to open it, and a gracious smile, added to the remark, "I hope you won't sit long," satisfied me for the moment that my hostess was not aware of her loss; but appearances are often deceitful, and I soon ascertained that they were so on the occasion in question.

"I hope you had a comfortable bath, Carlton," said Sir Harry, chuckling, while doing his best not to commit himself.

"Have you heard, then?" I hastily asked.

"Ha, ha!" burst forth the baronet; "it's the

best joke I ever heard in my life. I thought Tiffany would have been the death of me when she burst into her mistress's room, and exclaimed, 'Well, I declare, my lady, if ever I saw the like!—there's Mr. Carlton gone and spoilt all your ladyship's dresses! I left them for a moment in the bath-room'—Mrs. Tiffany owned to white lies, the hue of this one was however darker—'and in rushed the gentleman, and turned the water on before I could stop him!' My lady seemed rather put out for the moment, and so was I, when the list was handed over to her; but she soon recovered herself, and said it was an accident that might have happened to anyone; and I made her laugh not a little, when I told her to dismiss the laundress, as we could get our washing done at home."

At this jocose effusion, as the baronet thought it, probably on the principle laid down by Garrick, in "Bon Ton," "that a little wit with the higher orders goes a great way," the risible faculties of the company were raised at my expense; and, stammering out an apology, I left the room with a

view of making my peace with Lady Hardacre.

"It's too bad of Sir Harry," said the kind-hearted hostess, "to allude to the subject, for after all, the fault rested with my maid—pray think no more of it."

But I did think more of it, the remembrance of it haunted my memory, and the recollection of Lady Hardacre's forgiving conduct on a matter of such importance to females in general, has never been obliterated from my mind. To relieve my conscience to a certain extent, I sent up a letter in a parcel by the mail, that passed the lodge at midnight, ordering the Swan and Edgar of that day to forward me by the earliest coach the handsomest velvet dress in their establishment; and by dressing-hour the following day, Mrs. Tiffany presented her mistress with a large brown paper parcel, which, upon being opened, proved to contain a puce-colour velvet of the finest texture and quality.

My attention in writing, and walking nearly two miles to give my letter into the hands of the guard,

had been duly reported to my hostess by the chattering Abigail, who had not been a little scared at meeting me the previous night on the stairs splashed and wet, after my pedestrian feat; and the smile with which I was met by Lady Hardacre, who congratulated me on possessing the wand of Aladdin in so speedily replacing her dress, and comparing herself to the merchant who received new lamps for old, the annoyance that had occupied my mind for nearly four-and-twenty hours entirely vanished away. In this instance, my haste did not prove to be the worst speed.

Sir Harry was a fox-hunter of the old school, having commenced his career at least a quarter of a century before my birth. The times are strangely altered now, and the Nimrod of that day would be reckoned a regular "muff" by the present race of "fast men;" but it is not always that new customs are the best; and although I am not an advocate of the system carried on by our great-grandfathers, who threw off the pack "as soon as they could

distinguish a stile from a gate," having previously discussed over a blazing fire, at six in the morning, a splendid cold buttock of beef, or a venison pasty, washed down by a full draught of old October home-brewed ale, out of a silver fox's head, we still think that the modern plan of racing foxes down is not to be approved of.

The "in medio tutissimus ibis" comes more up to our ideas; a ten o'clock meet, so as to give Reynard plenty of time to digest the food he has partaken of during the night; hounds bred more for nose than lightning-like speed, that never give tongue falsely, who carry a good head, are cautious never to overrun the scent, or move one step without it, who can guide it over a country for a great distance, making their own turns without *flashing* and deviating from the line; and an entire absence of those careless and reckless sportsmen, who think nothing of riding among, instead of after, the hounds, and who care little whether the whole pack were sacrificed, so long as they themselves are first in the flight.

The character of the English country gentleman has not more changed since the days of Fielding, than have the modes of following the favourite pursuit of the chase; and as the worthy baronet clung to former habits, he rose just as the sun had topped the eastern hills; his first business was to open the window of his dressing-room, and consult the state of the weather. On the occasion referred to, it augured favourably for a fine scent-lying morn.

Sir Harry lost no time in equipping himself in his thick-ribbed cords, dark mahogany colour top-boots, buff kerseymere waistcoat, and a somewhat soiled red coat, made so as to cover the knees. He next visited the stable, to see that his horse "Juniper," a favourite hunter, was fit for the day's work, for a second horse was then unknown. Robust himself, the strength and powers of the Baronet's stud were proportioned to the weight they had to carry, and the toils they had to undergo.

"Juniper" possessed every quality that a hunter

of that class should have: a vigorous, sanguine healthy colour, a head and neck as light as possible, a quick moving eye and ear, clear wide jaws and nostrils, large thin shoulders and high withers, a deep chest and short back, large ribs and wide pin bones, tail high and stiff—"Juniper's" was like an iron parish pump handle—gaskins well spread, buttocks lean and hard, legs and pasterns short, for it was then an admitted principle, that no long limber-legged animal was ever able to gallop down steep hills, or take severe leaps, with a weight upon his back, without sinking or foundering.

"Good morning, Stevens," said the Baronet to his groom, as he entered the well-arranged and neatly-kept stable; "I hope 'Moonraker' has got over last Monday's run."

"Yes, Sir Harry; he's still in a loose box, but he feeds uncommonly well, and I think he'll be quite fit for this day week. The hounds meet at Garston Forest, and those woodland foxes go an awful pace, Sir Harry."

I will pause to inquire, with a view of getting a

response from the talented writers in "Notes and Queries," why baronets and knights are betitled more than any other class? I will venture to risk a new hat, or a dinner at Greenwich, that if a duke and a member of the order of the bloody hand of Ulster enter a shop, coffee-house, or club, the words Sir John, Sir Samuel, or whatever the Christian name may be, will be used nearly fifty per cent more than those of "your grace," or "my lord duke."

"Ah! Stevens," said his employer, with a deep groan, "I don't like these fast things."

"Nor I, Sir Harry," replied the other.

"When I was a boy," proceeded the sexagenarian, "hunting was a science, ay! and a noble one, by which the doublings of the chase were to be struck off with the most minute exactness and precision, and the principal part of the sport was deemed to consist in witnessing the efforts of the prey to elude pursuit, and of the hounds to baffle all the wiles and craft of their fugitive victim."

"True, Sir Harry."

"When the sportsman followed rather than drove on the pack, and contented himself with leaping such fences as fell in his way with skill and intrepidity, without looking out for almost impracticable places, with every prospect of breaking his own and his horse's neck."

"Ah, those were days, Sir Harry, when horses had a chance, and were not ridden to death."

"When the business of the field was commonly over by noon, or after a fine day's run, an hour or two at most after; when, if the sportsman found himself fifteen or twenty miles from home, he might return to an early dinner, and not to what ought to be called a late supper."

"Right, Sir Harry; we servants feel the difference, for I've known horses not brought home from a long run until after nightfall."

"You may depend upon it, Stevens," said the disciple of the old school, in a despairing tone, more akin to pity than anger, "what was formerly a science, is now only fool-hardiness, a regular

match of horse against horse—in short, a steeple-chase would answer all the purposes of a modern fox-hunt."

"You speak like a book, Sir Harry."

Elated by this compliment, the baronet wound up his philippic with the following trite remark:

"Old as I am, Stevens, I am not so bigoted to old fashions as to reject all new ones, as innovations or deteriorations; but until my reason can be convinced that the new ones are the best, I shall take a pride in classing myself among the fox-hunters of the old school."

"Right, Sir Harry, I wish there were a few more of the same sort."

After walking through the stable, visiting the saddle-room, and giving orders for "Juniper" to be brought round at nine o'clock, Sir Harry returned to the house; and entering a small apartment, which went by the name of the gun-room, from its formerly having been the receptacle of the fowling-pieces, there gave himself to public business, both as a magistrate, a landlord, and an

amicus curiæ to all who sought him, high or low, rich or poor.

Although indulging in field-sports, our worthy baronet felt that his position in the county involved many more important duties. As a Justice of the Peace, he had to act with judgment, and not be carried away by anger or prejudice; and as a mediator, referee, or arbitrator, he ever found time cheerfully to encounter the trouble of offering advice to those at variance, and often, by his counsel and opinion, did he produce an amicable settlement, where, if the contending parties had gone to law, ruin would probably have been the result.

On more than one occasion did his friendly interference reclaim and restore an idle or dissolute son to his parents, or a neglectful husband to his wife and children. All save those irreclaimably depraved knew that the baronet was influenced by no interest but their welfare; and many an angry temper, stubborn disposition, and hard heart yielded to such convictions.

He usually spent an hour in the gun-room, which certainly possessed nothing of a sporting character, for the glass cases which once held the fowling-pieces, powder-flasks, shot-belts, wadding, and cleaning-rods, were now devoted to books on jurisprudence. Burn's "Justice," Chitty's Reports, "Every man his own Lawyer," hand-cuffs, constables' staffs, mittimus's. A map of England, and one of the county, with a writing-table and a few pages, formed the furniture of this room devoted to business.

At eight o'clock breakfast was announced, a meal over which the lady of the house always presided, and one upon which she prided herself greatly. The tea and coffee were not (as in the present day) made or poured out on the sideboard by the groom of the chambers, but dispensed to every guest by the fair hands of the hostess, who was old-fashioned enough to study their tastes, as to the strength, weakness, or sweetness of the beverage, and who had no *sinecure* in the duties assigned to her.

In early life, Lady Hardacre had been passionately fond of the chase; and as a huntress, she became transcendently eminent, and never refused any fence that the boldest hunter could undertake with prudence; indeed, it was owing to her prowess in the field that Sir Harry had first become enamoured of her.

"Either over or clear the way," said she on this memorable occasion to the whipper-in, who faltered at a leap; and upon his obeying, she took a double post and rail in the most gallant style, much to the delight of the baronet, who, on presenting Miss Mainwaring with the brush, threw out a hint that she ought to become a sportsman's wife; when the young lady, who had long admired Sir Harry, was nothing loth, and the marriage was duly declared.

Although for some years Lady Hardacre had given up riding to hounds, she constantly drove to cover in her low open phaeton and pair, and took as much interest in the description of the find, the

run, and the death of the fox, as she did when, as Susan Mainwaring, she led the field in this violent and dangerous exercise.

CHAPTER XIV.

"It has a strange quick jar upon the ear,
That cocking of a pistol, when you know
A moment more will bring the sight to bear
Upon your person, twelve yards off, or so."

BYRON.

IN my early days duelling was in vogue, and so stringent were the laws of honour, that no man occupying the position of a gentleman, could refuse to give what was termed "satisfaction," for a real or even supposed affront. An accidental collision in the streets, an unintentional clash in driving, an undesigned push in a crowded room, and a chance shove at a levee, were considered sufficient provocation for a challenge. A political

remark, or general comment, often led to hostile meetings, and, in too many instances, to blood-shedding.

I could quote many most trivial cases, when cards were exchanged, and the parties met, with hair triggers, at twelve paces—which, making an allowance for the length of the two combatants' arms, brought them to about ten. One was for calling for a waltz at a public ball, when a quadrille had been previously ordered! Another "serious affair" was caused by a gentleman sitting down at a coffee-room table which had been engaged by another, although the "offender" offered an apology, and at once vacated his seat. A third equally mortal offence was created by a friend who was challenged to the duello by a somewhat eccentric member of parliament, for remarking, in his place, in reply to some very wild hypothesis, fallacious expositions, and sophisticated deductions, "That the honourable gentleman ought not to make the House of Commons a foundling hospital for his illegitimate theories."

Little was my friend aware, at the moment, that the remark, taken literally, not figuratively, applied to the Don Giovanni propensities of the senator; however, the discretion of the challenger's "friend" prevented a recourse to arms.

Enough has been advanced to prove my case, that few men, however harmless, at the commencement of this century, could be entirely free from the barbarous custom, that then prevailed, of being paraded "on the daisies" by practised duellists, who, taking advantage of their dexterity with a pistol, assassinated their victim!

The reader may start—let me refer him to words used by the author of one of the most popular of Charles Kean's dramatic performances. "Assassinated! I repeat the word; for when a man of superior skill, forces another who is not his equal with the weapon, to a duel, he does not kill—*he murders him!*"

With the knowledge, then, that in the society of a "fire-eater" no one was safe, a peaceful man rather avoided the acquaintance of those whose

principal argument proceeded from the pistol's mouth. Now, although I am bound to own that I was somewhat reckless in the "days of my hot youth," I never quite fancied so early a morning call, and albeit ready to resent an affront, I was careful never, intentionally, to offer offence to anyone. How my virtue on this score was rewarded, will be made manifest in the following pages.

During my visit to the Hardacres, the whole party were invited to Gorselands, to celebrate the birthday of a newly-married couple, Mr. and Mrs. Gryffydh Brynmawr, of some unpronounceable place in Wales, which sounded much like Pfriddcawrcarneddwen. Their honeymoon had been passed at Hastings—for St. Leonard's was scarcely then planned; and during the period that the family mansion in the principality was being partly rebuilt and redecorated, they had rented a small mansion near the Manor House.

The estimable Welshman might have soliloquized with Sir Peter Teazle, "When an old man

marries a young wife, what is he to expect?" for, like that worthy baronet, Mr. Brynmawr had taken to himself an unsophisticated girl of eighteen, he being in his fifty-sixth year.

During an excursion to the Scottish lakes, the old bachelor, who, for thirty-five years, had railed against matrimony, found himself suddenly, as the phrase goes, head over ears in love with a bonnie lassie of humble but respectable parentage, known as Margaret, or more familiarly, "Maggie" Sinclair. Her father occupied a small farm near Loch Lomond, and, on a visit to that picturesque spot, Mr. Brynmawr first caught a glimpse of the fair being who was fated to rule his destiny through life; nay, in his anxiety to get a further look at the lovely vision, he missed his footing, and sprained an ancle.

The prompt attention of Mr. Sinclair to the sufferer, followed by an invitation to enter his cottage, and the solicitude which Maggie evinced for her father's guest, so captivated the Benedict, that his former resolve gave way to the superior

influence of her charms, and in due course of time the newspapers announced the marriage of the rich Cambrian squire, having a pedigree that could be traced back to the tenth century, to a young Scotch girl, with no title to ancestral honours, save that of her connection with a name that had remained unblemished for generations.

The lineal descendant of Gryffydh ap Llewellyn, Lord of Chwaen Gwerney, had two failings—he was as jealous as the Moor of Venice, and he was as choleric as the testiest of Taffys. The attention paid to his bride gave rise to both feelings.

For the first few days after the arrival of the newly-married couple at the Manor House, all went smoothly on; and although I dare not pry into the curtain-lecture room, it was hinted by a few of the female party, who somehow or other always arrive at the truth, during their *causerie* after dinner, when the gentlemen are excluded from their presence, that Mr. Brynmawr had warned his wife against all young men, and under a threat of excommunication, at least, from his hearth and home

—for Cresswell's popular divorce court was not then in existence—had extracted a promise from his wife to tell him if ever any idle, foolish compliments were paid to her beauty.

Upon two occasions it had fallen to my lot to sit next to this modern Desdemona at dinner, and the black looks of her Cambrian Othello were so evident that I was rallied by a friend about the consequences. Strong in my own innocence, I continued to pay Mrs. Brynmawr the common courtesies of social life, and succeeded in appeasing the wrath of her husband by the open manner in which I addressed her. Indeed, I generally managed to ask him to take part in our conversations and walks.

Among other amusements that were carried on at the Hardacre's, was the game of billiards, and being tolerably expert at it, I had given the bride a few first lessons, as how to hold the mace, and strike the balls. One evening my pupil had so improved that I proposed a game, in which I was to give her eighteen out of twenty-four. To this

she assented, and I called upon her devoted husband to keep the score. This he good-humouredly assented to, until he was called away to cut in at a rubber of whist, when, giving his wife a matrimonial masonic hint not to fatigue herself too much, he left the room.

After many futile attempts to hole the white ball, to make a cannon off the red, in which endeavours the green cloth was nearly sacrificed, my pupil, by what is called a fluke, pocketed her ball.

"How stands the game?" she exultingly enquired.

"Twenty, love," I responded.

A downcast look, a blush, and a miss, which left the mark of the mace on the cloth, followed this reply.

Anxious to encourage the novice, I intentionally missed my cue, placing the red ball close to the pocket.

"Play gently," I said, "and you cannot miss it."

Such was the result, when, turning to my fair adversary, I remarked,

"Love game. What say you to another?" I asked.

"Not this evening, Mr. Carlton," she replied, hastily seizing her gloves and leaving the room.

Her sudden departure might have surprised me, if sundry coughs, and "How are you getting on, dear?" from the rather inattentive whist player in the next room, had not reminded me of the near presence of the jealous husband.

Nothing more occurred. I had wished good night to my host and hostess, and was finishing a letter that I had begun before dinner, when a knock at my bed-room door was heard.

"Come in!" I exclaimed; when who should make his appearance but a Mr. Williams, who had only arrived the day previous, and with whom I had never exchanged twenty words. He looked a little confused, as he stammered out that he wished to have a few minutes' conversation

with me on a most painful and unpleasant subject.

"What could it be?" I inwardly thought, as I requested he would be seated.

"I come," he said, "on the part of my old and valued friend, Mr. Brynmawr, than whom a more honourable man does not exist, to—to say—to call upon you—to demand an explanation—to request you to name a——"

Stopping this somewhat disjointed message, I calmly replied,

"It is evident there is some misunderstanding; permit me, then, to call in a third party who will act for me; and at this late hour of the night, no time is to be lost."

Hurrying down into the billiard-room, where I had left a group playing at pool, I called aside a young officer of the Guards, with whom I had struck up a friendly acquaintance, and asked him, at the termination of the game, to come up to my room. To this he readily agreed, and in less than five minutes our conference opened.

Mr. Williams, who had recovered his self-possession wonderfully during my absence, now repeated the purport of his visit, which was to demand from me an ample apology for the insult I had offered his friend's wife; and failing in that, to call upon me to name time and place for a hostile meeting.

"Of what does Mr. Brynmawr complain?" asked Captain Clifford; "insult is a strong word, and from all I know of Mr. Carlton, he is, I am sure, incapable of affronting any lady, much more one, for whom he entertains so high a respect."

"It appears, sir," responded the bearer of the challenge, "and it grieves me to say so, that Mr. Carlton addressed Mrs. Gryffydh Brynmawr in a tone of familiarity that their acquaintance did not warrant."

"I address Mrs. Brynmawr familiarly!" rejoined I, indignantly; "who dares thus to asperse my character?"

"Leave all to me," continued the Guardsman; when, turning to Mr. Williams, he proceeded, "and

as the affair seems to assume a serious tone, may I request to know what is the remark or language complained of?"

"Distressing as it is to my feelings, especially as the name of a lady must be mixed up in the affair, the language complained of is—is the familiar manner in which you addressed Mrs. Brynmawr as—as my love."

Clifford looked perfectly astounded, and there is no word for my feelings, except a most vulgar, yet expressive one, and that is—I was "flabbergasted."

A dead silence ensued. A sudden thought flashed across my mind.

"Surely," I said, "unsophisticated as Mrs. Brynmawr is, she cannot have been ignorant of the terms used at billiards; no, that is too absurd. Yet, I well remember calling the game, 'eighteen, love.'"

The thought which had struck me seemed by some electric shock to strike my two companions, for Clifford could not refrain from bursting out

into a fit of laughter, while Mr. Williams quietly remarked,

"I see the mistake; excuse me a few moments while I rectify it."

What occurred during his absence I know not, but shortly he returned, accompanied by his principal.

"Permit me, Mr. Carlton," said the latter, who had no longer a trace of irascibility upon his countenance, "to apologise to you for my most extraordinary conduct, and to offer any reparation in my power. Maddened by jealousy, I was, I blush to say it, induced to adopt a paltry subterfuge, and openly told my wife that I had overheard you pay her some flattering compliments. This she most strenuously denied, and with truth; but, under a threat of calling you to account, I extorted from her a confession that you certainly had addressed her in a most familiar tone. You know the rest. Let me, however, take this opportunity of assuring you that Mrs. Brynmawr was not in the slightest degree to blame, for it was only

under the fear of unpleasant consequences that she yielded to my imperative demand."

Extending my hand, I warmly grasped that of my late foe, and we separated warmer friends than before.

"The affair," said I, as we parted, "shall remain for ever a secret in my breast."

"Thank you, thank you," he replied, as he left the room.

It is strange how secrets do ooze out, for when I entered the breakfast-room the following morning the previous night's adventure was in everybody's mouth. It appeared that Mrs. Brynmawr's maid had overheard the altercation between her master and mistress, and had reported the same to the under butler, who had mentioned it to the housekeeper, who had told it to Mrs. Tiffany, who had retailed it, a little embroidered, to Lady Hardacre herself. When Sir Harry was made acquainted with the particulars, it so convulsed him with laughter, that his old faithful butler was fearful it might bring on a fit of apoplexy.

"Well," remarked the Baronet, "I have heard of love-chases, and love-matches, but I never supposed for a moment so much could be made out of a love game at billiards."

The innocent cause of this *escapade* looked timid, coloured up not a little when she first made her appearance, but soon recovered her self-possession when her husband good-humouredly bantered her upon the subject; and, strange to relate, from that moment the demon jealousy ceased to haunt him—proving in this instance what great effects may be produced from the most trifling causes.

The charm of a visit to one of the country homes of England, is the succession of novelty caused by the arrival of some new guests, and no one extended greater hospitality, or received more relatives, friends, and acquaintances than the Hardacres.

Sir Harry's invitations were warm and energetic.

"Come when you like—remain as long as you can."

Hence the post generally brought a letter from

some favoured one, announcing his or her intention of passing a few days at the Manor House. Sir Harry acted upon the principle of Menelaus, a principle that ought to be more universally adopted, for there are houses where the difficulty of getting away is greater than that of finding access to them. I disapprove alike

"The host, whose assiduity extreme
Distresses, and whose negligence offends.
The middle course is best; alike we err,
Him thrusting forth whose wish is to remain,
And hind'ring the impatient to depart.
This only is true kindness—To regale
The present guest, and speed him when he would."

Or, as it has been more epigrammatically described

"Welcome the coming—speed the parting guest."

As in these days, the transmission of letters was not so speedy as at present, and day posts were not even in prospective existence, the letter-bag never made its appearance until breakfast was about to be put on the table, when it was handed to the

baronet, who proceeded to deliver the leather case of its contents.

"Here's a letter, my lady, for you," said he: "and, by the hand-writing and post-mark, I fancy it is from our old friend, Dr. Sleek. He's a worthy creature, and is an excellent specimen of a conscientious dissenting minister."

"You will be happy to hear," said Lady Hardacre, after breaking the seal, "that the Doctor proposes being with us to dinner to-day. He is most anxious to see our schools."

"That's right," responded Sir Harry. "I told him never to stand upon ceremony, but to come whenever he could spare time from his numerous and useful avocations. Hargrave, order the pink room to be got ready for the Doctor."

The expected arrival of Doctor Jeriah Sleek at the Manor House created quite a sensation, and it was arranged that on the following morning the party should visit the schools, lately erected by Lady Hardacre. Soon after breakfast the reverend gentleman appeared, and after a brief con-

sultation with the hostess, as to the nature of questions that were to be put to the respective classes, Lady Hardacre proceeded to the village.

It seemed strange that many who had been invited to attend pleaded ill health, business, letter-writing, and other excuses—for excuses they were—from the fact that no sooner was the house clear, than those remaining in it devoted themselves to billiards, the newspapers, or a visit to the stables. It is our duty, however, to accompany Dr. Sleek and his circle.

The Doctor, upon reaching the girls' school, was presented to the mistress, Mrs. Bellamy. Like most school-rooms, the one he entered was close and oppressive, the windows did not appear to be made to open, and there prevailed a cold, damp odour, that was anything but agreeable to the olfactory nerves, while the busy din of fifty girls repeating a lesson was equally unpleasant to the sense of hearing.

"Silence!" cried the matron, in a voice of command, which was immediately obeyed.

"Perhaps, madame," said the Doctor, with the utmost urbanity, "you will permit five or six of your best scholars to stand forward."

"Certainly, sir," responded Mrs. Bellamy. "Jane Gibbs, Mary Atwell, Susan Prior, Elizabeth Young, Anne Sparkes, and Lucy Cooper, stand in front."

"My dear children," observed the reverend gentleman, in the most honeyed accents, "I wish to ask you a few questions connected with household duties. When you first enter the bed-room in the morning, what should you do?"

"Empty the slops."

"That will do. If you went to a cottage at noon, and found the carpet unswept, the breakfast things unwashed, what should you think of the inmates?"

Six ruddy arms were extended, while the owners of them replied,

"We should think them very untidy people."

After a variety of questions upon domestic economy, geography, history, arithmetic, religious

topics were introduced, and from the answers to the many difficult questions that had been put, it was quite clear that Mrs. Bellamy had not been wanting in duty to her employer.

The psalm of the day was then read, and the children questioned, one little girl horrifying the Doctor by interpreting the "pestilence that walketh in darkness" to be that flat obnoxious insect which often infests lodging-house dormitories. Another child was remonstrated with for not having paid due attention to the examination, and who kept moving about in her chair like a disquieted spirit.

"Please, sir," said the culprit, blubbering, "I could not help it, for, just before you came in, Anne Mobley put a live frog down my frock, and it tickled me so much, I could not sit still."

Anne Mobley was sent to bed supperless.

Returning from the schools, the procession, headed by Dr. Sleek, proceeded gently through the town, and the reverend gentleman met with rustic attention and courtesy on all sides. He had

a word for one, a tract for another, and an admission to the county hospital for a third, when, just as he reached the market-place, an event occurred which surprised and shocked him not a little.

Dr. Sleek was no eavesdropper, whether on the principle that listeners never hear any good of themselves I will not pause to inquire, but occasionally it will happen that persons are placed in a situation where they cannot fail to hear that which was never meant for their ears, and such was the case on the present occasion.

Two old women happened to be in earnest conversation, close, though not within sight of the spot where the worthy doctor was attending to an archæological description of a tenement bearing date 1647, which the Mayor, a somewhat tedious antiquarian, was dilating upon.

"And how be ye, Molly?"

"Anouest of anouestness." *

"Well, Molly, what be going to do for a living this here winter time?"

* Gloucestershire dialect.

"Oh! Betty, I was a-thinking of trying yarly prayers for a quarter!"

To what extent the reverend gentleman was shocked by this manifestation of "rural simplicity," I need not relate; I am afraid, however, that old Molly's case is by no means an uncommon one.

During his visit to the schools, the doctor had been informed that, among other charities of the town, one had been endowed by an antiquated spinster, Dame Rebecca Hallowell by name, and which always went by the name of the Hallowell Charity, the object of which was to provide a fund for all those who attended the early daily service.

CHAPTER XV.

"Right merrily
The pleasure-boats glide onward, with swift prow
The clear wave curling, till around each bow,
With frequent flash, the bright and feathery spray
Threw mimic rainbows at the sun in play."

W. READ.

THE Riversdale Royal Regatta, as it was.called, and which was to take place within a few miles of Hardacre Manor House, was now the topic of conversation among all ranks—patrician and plebeian, old and young, rich and poor—and merits a place in this autobiography.

The aristocratic owners of the numerous ancestral halls in the neighbourhood of Riversdale were

arranging their parties for this annual gathering. Nor was hospitality confined to the higher classes, for every individual, within five miles of the place, had invited as many friends as his tenement could accommodate.

The morning of the regatta was ushered in with a peal of bells, as well as by perambulating bands of music, assisted by Italian boys with their screeching hurdy-gurdys, by the Highlander with his uncouth bagpipes, and far more worthily by the Militia band, which had been graciously lent to do honour to the fête. The town-hall was decorated with flags, laurels, and flowers; the hotels and taverns displayed banners of every nation, size, and hue. A row of temporary booths had been erected along the river side, in which dancing, singing, wrestling, eating, and drinking, were carried on to an alarming extent.

In an open space of ground, near the timber wharf, some gambling speculators had opened shooting-galleries for nuts; roulette-tables for pincushions and wooden dolls; while spaces allotted

for "shying sticks" at Jack-in-the-boxes, and china ornaments, were extensively patronised by all the fast young men of the place.

The "King's Arms," formerly famed for post-horses, old port, and mutton-chops, had its small narrow strip of land (pompously called the lawn) devoted to the noblemen and gentry of the county. This flowerless sun-burnt spot was immediately opposite the floating orchestra, a specimen of naval architecture that reminded one of something between a Noah's Ark in a child's book, and a sand-barge. A bright and gaudy awning, however, added to the gay uniform of the militia, made it a very prominent feature on the dark and swollen river.

In front of the yard of the rural Searle of the town, the umpires and guard-boats were moored, while hundreds of craft, from the three-ton cutter down to the four-feet "dingy," were ready to be freighted for the day. Upon the opposite side of the river, refreshment booths, tents, and marquees, were erected for those who preferred ranging the

green meadows, to encountering the heat, noise, bustle, and confusion of the town.

For more than a couple of miles from Riversdale, the banks were studded with very picturesque houses, villas, and cottages, showing every class of architecture—the Elizabethan mansion, the Italian lodge, the modern cottage, and the old Manor House; while, on a small romantic island, appeared a fishing-temple, which formed the starting point for the respective competitors of the day.

The bridge over the river was completely blocked up by carts, waggons, gigs, dennets, carriages, equestrians, and pedestrians, anxious to witness the sight at the greatest amount of inconvenience to the public, and at the smallest cost to themselves.

A small, a very small park of artillery, was stationed near the "King's Arms," to give the necessary signals for each race. A number of resident gentlemen who formed the committee, paraded the town with white satin rosettes on their breasts, looking the very pink of provincial importance.

From seven in the morning until three o'clock,

the hour named for starting, there was a continued succession of bell-ringing, shouting, screaming, hallooing, and squalling, intermingled with the sounds of crackers, squibs, and guns, with an occasional burst of loud merriment, as some unfortunate wight fell into the water.

At three o'clock the arrival of the Mayor and Corporation, headed by the civic authorities, was the signal for commencing the aquatic amusements of the day; and the race for the silver goblets—mugs would have been a truer description—commenced. Two four-oared boats started for this prize, one manned by the townsmen of Riversdale, the other by a London crew. The gun fired, the river was cleared along the course, the umpires were at their post, and the competitors set down gallantly to their work.

"Brayvo, orange!"

"Hurrah for blue!"

"That's your sort, Stevens!"

"A pull, a long pull, and a pull altogether!"

Such were the cries as the quickly-propelled

boats shot within a hundred yards of the winning post.

The excitement was now intense. There was not an inch between the two cutters; indeed, so deep was the interest that a momentary silence prevailed, when it was broken by wild shouts of exultation, very similar to those uttered by some savage tribe of North American Indians, after a successful scalping expedition.

"Riversdale has won!—hip, hip, hurrah!"

Such, indeed, was the case, for number three of the London crew had unfortunately "cut a crab," and, in so doing, had fallen over number two, who commenced a volley of oaths which would not prove at all edifying to the reader, were I to record them.

"You've gone and done it!" cried he; "we were winning cleverly."

"My head! my head!" exclaimed the culprit. "I feel faint!"

"The usual dodge with them 'ere Londoners," charitably remarked the coxswain of the rival boat;

"they always pretends to be taken ill when they gets the worst of it. Stivens may be a good oarsman, but he has a terrible weak *scull* of his own."

Having delivered himself of this venerable Joe Miller, the steerer received the hearty congratulations of the crew on the admirable manner in which he had piloted the *Dreadnought*, and proceeded to the "White Lion" to "splice the main brace" with a glass of gin and water.

A row over the course for the Ladies and Visitors Cups, amidst a passing shower, threw a temporary damp over the gaieties of the day; but they recovered when four scullers contended for the silver oars, and fouling, bumping, crossing, was the order of the day. Complaints and counter-complaints were laid against the rival watermen, which being referred to the stewards, created a wrangle, and gave rise to some extremely strong language and false swearing, each party declaring that they were not to blame.

Through the exertions of James Towsey, Esq.,

Mayor of Riversdale, a compromise was effected, and the race was adjudged to an Oxford man, the Riversdale competitors preferring hard cash to the honour of carrying off the silver oars.

At five o'clock a grand dinner was served in a large tent, that had been erected for the occasion in a meadow adjoining the "King's Arms," his worship the Mayor in the chair, supported by Lord Marden, whose eldest son, the Honourable Mr. Kingsley, represented the county in Parliament, and whose duties at the House of Commons (as it was said) prevented his attendance upon this occasion—the real state of the case being that the young M.P. was at the Bibury Meeting.

In addition to the above-mentioned personages, there were Francis Petersfield, Esq., barrister-at-law, a sort of perambulating speech-maker, and who, like the "fourteenth," or quatorzième man in France (who is called upon at a moment's notice to prevent the fatal number of thirteen sitting down to dinner), was ever ready to attend public meetings, when the repast was good, and there was

no reckoning to pay; Colonel McPherson, of the county Militia, who had earned his laurels in the Light Division, during the wars against Napoleon; Lieutenant Behrens, of the Navy; the crews of the London *Daring* boat club; two young clergymen, the solicitor of the town, the head medical practitioner, and about a hundred and twenty inhabitants of Riversdale and its environs.

No sooner had the band struck up the national epicurean air of the "Roast Beef of Old England," than the Mayor took his seat on a raised dais at the upper end of the canvas room, the peer on his right, and the representative of the bar on his left.

The dinner, which had been prepared at the "King's Arms," consisted of the usual fare: mock-turtle and spring soups, the former thick and clammy, the latter thin and watery; pale-coloured salmon, and muddy spitchcock eels; huge sirloins of tough beef; weighty legs of coarse yearling mutton; boiled fowls, that had arrived at a certain age, and which were immersed in the rankest

butter; hams briny and underdone; cutlets cold and greasy; sweetbreads stale and flavourless; pastries and jellies of the most inferior kind, and which had evidently furnished a repast to the insect tribe of flies and wasps; hot sherry, one hour in bottle, and fiery military port, recently emancipated from its wooden tenement.

During the process of the above entertainment, a heavy gust of wind had carried away a portion of the canvas walls, and admitted "the pelting, pitiless storm," which was now inundating those who sat on the chairman's left. This disaster was most inopportune, for the shower was at its height just as Mr. Petersfield was in the midst of his speech, returning thanks on behalf of the visitors, and had a short-hand writer taken down word for word all that the man-of-law said, it would not have produced the effect it did. When curtailed and improved it appeared the following day in the county gazette. We give the harangue verbatim:—

"Mr. Mayor, my lord—(*aside*, fasten the can-

vas)—and gentlemen, I rise—(it's dripping down on my head)—to return you thanks on behalf of the visitors, and in my own name, for—(if you don't nail it down, I shall be wet to the skin)—the distinguished honour you have conferred upon us, by drinking our—(you had better get some umbrellas)—healths. The chief magistrate of Riversdale during his brief rain, I mean mayoralty, has poured, I mean shed a lustre on the distinguished situation he holds to-day as upon all occasions where his worship presides; it can be truly said, that we enjoy the feast of reason and the flow of——

"Soul" the speaker would have added, had not a regular waterspout drowned his eloquence.

"In conclusion, gentlemen, I feel—(it's still dropping; waiter, get me a dry chair)—highly flattered at the—(thunder, I declare!)—brilliant—(what! a flash of lightning!)—reception we have met with on this interesting anniversary. And however much I may resemble——"

"A drowned rat, old feller!" interrupted a rude

voice from the crowd outside, who, from the damaged state of the tent, could now hear all that was going on.

"However much I may resemble," again repeated the barrister, determined if possible to bring out a favourite simile of his.

"Cut it short!" cried another outsider.

"I was about to say, gentlemen——"

But what the comparison was, or what Mr. Petersfield was on the point of remarking, was lost for ever to the assembled company, a heavy gust of wind having, at that interesting moment, carried away a chimney-pot from the adjoining house, and it fell, with a crash, within a few inches of what, in the language of the Ring, is termed "the knowledge-box" of the speaker; happily, however, with no greater damage than covering the devoted head of the barrister with a shower of soot.

"Sweep! sweep!" shouted half a dozen urchins, as the orator rapidly left the tent to proceed to the "King's Arms," with a view of effecting an

ablution and a change of clothes, to enable him to appear at the regatta-ball, which was to take place at the town-hall, at half-past nine o'clock.

The storm having, like all summer storms, soon subsided, and the sun shining splendidly forth, the party, considerably reduced in numbers, rallied round the chairman, who had removed to a dry spot, and mirth, good humour, singing, and speechifying went on in full flow.

Mr. Towsey, junior, favoured the company with his favourite ballad, "Tom Bowling," which, despite the absence of taste, voice, and ear, was enthusiastically received; Mr. Gribble, the village attorney, gained a genuine encore as he warbled forth that exquisite melody of Bishop's, "My Pretty Jane"; Mr. Blenkinsop, a young medical practitioner, just fresh from walking St. Thomas's Hospital, delighted his hearers with his deep-toned voice, in "The Wolf"; Colonel McPherson sang "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," with all the "enthusimusy," as Braham was wont to call it, of a Highlander.

Lieutenant Behrens felt rather aggrieved, as he said, "that the Mayor's son had taken the wind out of his sails," by selecting one of Dibdin's songs, but that on an occasion like the present, where everyone was expected to do his duty, he would have much pleasure in singing "Poor Jack."

During the toasts and sentiments one gentleman expressed a hope "that the wing of sensibility would never moult a feather;" another suggested "that the way to increase our wealth was by lessening our desires;" a third pointed out the necessity of activity, "idleness being the rust of the mind;" while the Mayor, previous to proposing the last toast of the evening—"The Ladies"—gave the following sentiment:—

"Never carry a sword in your tongue to wound the reputation of any man."

This was loudly responded to.

"Silence, silence for his worship!" shouted the stentorian voice of the town-clerk, who, on this occasion, acted as toast-master. "The chairman

proposes 'The Ladies'—up-standing, with three times three, and one cheer more. Hip, hip, hurrah!" And among the noise produced by cheer, bravoes, jingling of glasses, rapping the tables, stamping, and screeching, the health of the fair sex was drunk.

The town-hall of Riversdale has nothing remarkable about it. It is a plain brick building, with a portico, a market-place, and an assembly-room, used for various purposes; magisterial meetings, public dinners, lectures, concerts, and balls, being constantly held in the latter. A very narrow, crooked staircase, open to the gusts of the east wind, leads the visitors to a low, dingy apartment, of some thirty feet in length, by twenty-two. Five windows face the front, the centre of which communicates with a balcony, the arena of many an election speech. Upon the opposite side of the room are two doors, an orchestra, in which no five-foot man could stand erect, and two more windows. The builder must have been a friend to the glazier, and an ardent supporter of the tax

upon light, which, for so lengthened a period, disgraced our laws.

At one extremity of this temple, devoted to Law and the Muses, a small platform was raised for the musicians, who scorned their perched-up *band*-box, and on the other three more windows appear, the whole partaking of the look of a lantern.

Two full-length portraits of some forgotten "pillars of the state," in black curly wigs, scarlet and ermine, decorate the walls, with a small specimen of the Royal Arms, anno Domini, 1714. The furniture is scant, probably on the principle that "beauty unadorned, is adorned the most," and consists of a row of hard, third-class-looking benches, and three chandeliers. Four flags float gracefully over the heads of the musicians, and, by way of pleasing vanity, the curtains are of green baize, red serge, and white holland.

A very narrow passage leads to the refreshment-room, over the mantel-piece of which appears the portrait after, and very *much after*, Vandyke, of a learned divine. The venerable prelate's white

beard, scarf, and lawn sleeves, forming an agreeable contrast to his saturnine features, and dark garment. Who the illustrious individual is, and why he is placed so as to preside over the refreshment table, and those who dispense its questionable luxuries at half-a-crown per head, will always remain mythological.

By some it is supposed to have been Latimer, Bishop of Worcester, that venerable heretic who was burnt at Oxford in 1555; but the general impression is, that it was a present to the Corporation, by a former Mayor, who carried on the business of an auctioneer, and who picked up the valuable relic at the sale of an old monastery in the neighbourhood. Perhaps the Archæological Society, should they ever condescend to visit this locality, may throw a light upon this knotty point.

As the inhabitants of Riversdale are a few years behind the rest of the civilized world, it will not surprise my readers to hear that the quadrilles and waltzes of 1820 were the rage on the evening

I refer to, and that the Lancers were danced to the same tune at least six times during the night; indeed, so devoted were the musicians—three violinists, one performer on a spasmodic flageolet, and a player of a very out of tune harp—to the old-fashioned organ-ized airs, that, on being remonstrated with, they laid down their instruments and struck work. This revolt was, however, speedily put an end to by the steward, who pointed out golden considerations for not interrupting the harmony of the evening.

As there was only a cloak-room for the ladies, the hats, great-coats, umbrellas, and sticks of the male creation were hung round the refectory upon wooden pegs, occasionally falling upon some tired young lady, as she sipped her tea, to the detriment of her silk or muslin dress.

Byron writes:—

"Then along the floor chalk mimics painting;"

but as this process was unknown in Riversdale,

and the boards being somewhat slippery, one of the stewards, a most kind-hearted gentleman, procured a wax candle, and, with a knife in hand, walked about the room, scraping small portions of this thick tenacious matter, much to the satisfaction of those who wished to keep their footing during the movements of the mazy dance.

The ball went off with considerable spirit, indeed, among many of those who had attended the town-hall dinner, with rather too much animation. Not a few might have exclaimed, with the hero of "The Three and the Deuce," that master-piece of acting of the late William Robert Elliston, "I was drunk with my passion—so mortally drunk, that nothing would do but a reel."

"It is an ill wind that blows nobody good," is a true adage, and it was fully realised upon this occasion; for so great was the demand upon the soda-water department, that the poor widow who furnished the edibles and buvables, made a handsome sum out of the aërated water.

Mr. Petersfield, who had been sadly disap-

pointed at the sudden termination of his dinner speech, was determined to make up for it by a supper oration; and, in the absence of Lord Marden, proposed the health of the ladies, in the most poetical, flowery, and metaphorical manner imaginable. He compared Mrs. Towsey, the Mayor's lady, to Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt, the Thames to the Cydnus, the other ladies to Nereides. Miss Fanny Towsey (rather a fast young lady, who had steered her brother's boat), was thus described:

> "At the helm
> A seeming mermaid steers; the silken tackle
> Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
> That yarely frame the office."

He expatiated upon the beautiful voices of some fair syrens who had sang "Row, boys, row," as the four-oared cutter floated calmly down the river, to the daughters of Achelous and Calliope, who charmed so much with their melodious tones, that all forgot their employments to listen with more attention; he talked of "youth on the prow, and pleasure at the helm," and wound up his speech by

expressing a hope "that the married ladies would calmly glide through the stream of life to the haven of their wishes, that the unmarried ones would avoid the quicksands of youth, and, in pursuing their course, would never be driven aback by adverse winds, be overtaken by storms, or their happiness become wrecked on the cold flinty rock of adversity; but that they would all experience the delights of a happy union, thus described by Shakespeare:—

> 'He is the half-part of a blessed man,
> Left to be finished by such a she;
> And she a fair divided excellence,
> Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.
> Oh, two such silver currents when they join,
> Do glorify the banks that bound them in.'"

Thus ended the Riversdale regatta, and I for one was so satisfied with it, that I was particularly glad when it was over.

END OF VOL. I.

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